The magazine devoted to pleasure

THE DUDE

K

NOVEMBER, 1957

W. L. GRESHAM
CHARLES JACKSON
CHANDLER BROSSARD
MEYER LEVIN

Fifty Cents

"She only does it to annoy...
Because she knows it teases..."

(Alice in Wonderland)

THE DUDE

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the Magazine Devoted to Pleasure

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WAXING MELLOW

by Sam Goody

MAYNARD FERGUSON'S HOLLYWOOD PARTY: A jazz addict's dream. Has the great Maynard Ferguson, his talented trumpet, and a number of his friends (bass Curtis Counce, tenor Bob Cooper, baritone Bob Gordon, etc.). Two greats on the sides are "Night Letter" and "Somebody Loves Me," together with solo passages just meant for a rainy night, feet on the table, smoke rings and dreaming. (EmArcy).

LENA HORNE AT THE WALDORF: A darned good substitute, if you weren't lucky enough to see her there in person. This disc has fifteen top songs, songs she has made her own. It's Lena at her very, and makes for lazy listening—with your best robe and slippers, and your own best girl. (RCA Victor).

STRICTLY FOR THE AIR-CONDITIONED ROOM: One of the most unusual and skin-warming records we've ever heard. "Sounds of the Boudoir," an Era Hi Fi that sounds like a practical joke, and could be if you want to make it that way. Simply, however, it's a disc-without-words. Just sounds. The sounds a lovely actress makes when she wakes in the morning, and the sounds a flame-headed model makes when she goes to sleep in the night. A zipper slides, the clothing whispers to the floor, and . . . .

HITS OF THE TWENTIES, an RCA Camden, is a nostalgic, retrospective album with "I'll Get By", "Star Dust", "Always", "Yes Sir, That's My Baby", "Tea for Two", and many others, played and sung by Sammy Kaye, Vaughn Monroe, Gene Krupa, Buddy Morrow, Jeanette MacDonald, and Mindy Carson.

THE GREAT GLENN'S ORCHESTRA: By RCA Victor. Back again! The very first album by the Miller group, under the direction of Ray McKinley, is out now. It's not easy to sit still when they slip into "Tuxedo Junction", "Sunrise Serenade", "In the Mood", "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" and many others, equally memorable. (RCA Victor).

WHAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR JERRY LEWIS is good enough for us. And that's "Eydie Gorme's Delight," her new album via Coral. When Eydie first appeared on network tv, a somewhat dyspeptic critic observed that she ought to change her name or forever run the risk of being confused in the public's collective mind with some kind of fancy dessert. Nonetheless, the delectable dish called Gorme, has her voice on the ears, not the stomachs, of a heck of a lot of the disc-mad. And when she made her big-time hit at the Palace with Jerry Lewis, the man with the rubber face gave out with as many cheers as the audience.

SOME SELECTED SINGERS are "Mama Guitar" (Andy Griffith—Capitol) & "I Like Your Kind of Love" (Andy Williams & Peggy Powers—Cadence). This last is unquestionably the best of the new singles with Peggy doing "I Like Your Kind of Love." She does a back vocal to Andy's main theme and has just about the sexiest voice you can imagine. Most of the time, she just husks "That's good, Baby, that's good," in a way calculated to keep her around, recording more, for a long, long time.

AND SOMEWHAT CLASSICAL: Dot Records' "The Ten Commandments." It's the original score made famous by the film released this year, and includes the use of an ancient, unusual instrument—the sistrum. It's a proud and stirring disc—just the thing to round out your record shelf.

IN YOUR HAT . . .

The current craze for over-mammaried movie stars, Italian & otherwise leaves me a little cold, for while I bow to no one in my love for the "weaker" sex. I've never flipped over bounteous breast-works as much as over what the British artist Hogarth called the S-curve of beauty. This is the snappy little line starting in the small of a woman's back and working its way sinuously down over the muscular feast on which she sits.

Much as I'm willing to make an S of myself over the aforementioned S-curve, I yet roar my dislike for gals in tight jeans and/or slacks. No matter how stacked the wearer, the rear of the slacks always looks like a bag-full of cats fighting to the death.

With the total horror of New Year's snapping at the calendar I'm reminded of a stunt Westbrook Pegler pulled in the old, old days when he was writing some of America's best sports copy.

His New Year's Day column showed up in print with this simple, heart-tugging statement endlessly repeated. "Never mix brandy with champagne . . ."

As far as I'm concerned, one of the worst frauds ever perpetrated on an unsuspecting public by desperate writers, is the lie that New York cabbies are a romantic, colorful breed. The slightest bit of independent research shows that the Runyonesque color, the slang, the amusing stories about hearts-of-gold, all come from the gifted typewriters of hacks—not from the sour mouths of hackies. For if anywhere in the world there is a trade that attracts to it a more unpleasant group of constipated, nasty, ulcer-ridden blackguards than the occupation of cab-driver, do me a favor—don't tell me about it!

Part and parcel of the same lying Americana to me, is the national belief that because a truck driver needs all of his brains in the seat of his pants, he automatically

has a palate that puts Duncan Hines to shame. Because of this, the fable is: *anywhere you see a line of parked trucks you can depend on getting good food.* Now, I've just come back from a twenty-five thousand mile drive around the U. S., so take a tip from me! The first beanery you see with a line of trucks in front of it—duck and head for the woods! For if you fall into the trap, you're guaranteed to get tin-can orange juice, greasy or underdone or over-cooked eggs, oleo'd toast, and coffee that tastes like sour Brillo.

While driving through the mid-West I ran across a hipster with a smart new angle. He's an honest shoplifter! Lend an ear and I'll tell you about his operation. He hits a new town, cases the main stem and picks out the biggest, best department store in sight. He has one visible idiosyncracy: rain or shine he always sports an old fashioned, sloppy, loosely-rolled umbrella which he carries hooked over his left arm.

Entering the *maison de commerce,* he makes his way down the aisles picking, poking and prying at the merchandise. Half the things he looks at wind up in the umbrella hanging on his arm. It acts like a small, partially opened parachute and the number of objects he can flip into it without anyone seeing him at work is amazing.

At the end of ten or fifteen minutes of genteel shoplifting he makes his way to the manager's office and pushes his way into said factotum's presence. "What kind of a shoddy operation are you running here?" he demands angrily. While the shock is just registering, he up-ends the umbrella and pours the stock of lifted merchandise onto the manager's desk.

"This store," he yells, "just asks to be taken! Don't you teach your clerks how to spot shoplifters?" Before the manager quite knows what hit him, the honest shoplifter has finagled a fee out of the store and agrees to give a lecture to the sales people, that is "guaranteed" to open their eyes to the wiles of the "booster" and prevent further loss of stock to the light-fingered gentry.

Did I hear someone in the back row ask what happens if a store detective spots the busy fingers of the "shoplifter" in action? That's the beauty of this hipster's whole operation! No store will make an arrest for shoplifting until after the shoplifter has left the store. This is to prevent suits for false arrest, for so many completely honest matrons absentmindedly ramble around a store with merchandise in their manicured talons, that it has become impossible to prove theft until the person actually leaves the premises. Since the honest shoplifter never goes further than the manager's office, he can never be arrested!

His fees run from three to five hundred bucks and it's a rare manager who won't hold still for the lecture after the umbrella rains down its contents on his desk!

Next time you're flattening your arches and wearing out the elbows of a jacket hanging on a bar, see if you can't raise the price of a free drink with this little bar bet. Set it up this way. Wipe your brow and say: "Whew, it's hot—I bet I transpired a quart of sweat today!" Then wait. Some wise guy is bound to pick you up on the word "transpire." He'll say: "You mean perspire!" Laugh it up and suck him into betting.

Then have him look up the word transpire in the dictionary. You'll win the bet.————————————b.e.

ON THE HOUSE

by Matty Simmons

There are some restaurants in this land that treat the guest like an outsider. There are haunts that have banned, brushed, frozen, categorized and downright insulted. They pass it off as being selective. To me, it's unforgiveable snobbery. Selectiveness is for one's own home and a public dining room is for the public as long as the normal rules of propriety are followed. On the other hand, there are many hosts whose warmth and friendliness reach out and put you at ease from the moment you cross their threshold.

New York's Jim Downey is just such a fellow and his Eighth Avenue haunt for actors, show-goers and newspaper people has, in less than four years, become one of Manhattan's best-known saloons and steak houses. Foodwise, of course, his thick, succulent steaks are the main target, but there are also such specialties as corned beef and cabbage (Mr. Downey, make no mistake, is an Irishman) and a wide variety of dishes including snacks and sandwiches which, as at Reuben's venerable spa, are named after the celebrities who frequent the establishment.

There are three dining rooms, each decorated in a distinctively different manner. The most interesting, perhaps, is the Back Stage Room, an almost exact replica of the backstage of a theatre—only cleaner and considerably more luxurious. The bar is something less than ten miles long and is always three deep with stage folk like Ben Gazzara, Paul Newman, Shelly Winters and Rex Harrison. But the important thing, as far as this treatise is concerned, is that no matter who you are or who you aren't, you will get the same congenial greeting, the same shake of the hand from Jim or his sons, Jim, Jr. and Archie. There is no snobbery here and the only customer who has ever been banned is a well-known film actor who had a constant urge, once reinforced by a half-dozen Scotches, to swing from the chandeliers. Even in this case, Jim was patient before acting. First thing he did was take down the chandeliers.

Newest rage at Downey's and other bistros—from Nantucket to Encino—is Irish Coffee. Following is the complete recipe for Downey's Irish Coffee (my idea of a Gaelic Miltown):

3 oz. black coffee 2 tablespoons heavy cream
1 jigger Irish Mist liqueur

Mix coffee and Irish Mist. Float cream on top. Serve in stem goblet. And wow!

ONE LINE RECOMMENDATIONS . . . . . Branded sirloins as served at Ye Olde College Inn of Houston, Texas . . . . Sausages and peppers and other fine Italian

queen's corner

chrome wine-caddie

It's England that sends Dude these silver-looking chrome wine caddies. When the meal is continental, and the lights are low, the sauce very spicy, and the lady a bit dubious, tote the wine in this caddy and bless us all for the idea—every one. $10.

billfold-watch

The perfect combination. The richest of gifts. A shock-resistant, anti-magnetic, unbreakable crystal watch set into an elegant, genuine alligator billfold. Dazzling, conversational and style-setting at an unbelievable $14.95.

jewels with music

Your heart-mate will syncopate over this Musical Jewel Box: pearl-inlaid, hand-painted and tuneful. It's got a mirror inside and a tray with hand-decorated covers. And there's a Chinese lock and a quaint old key. And baby will glitter inside. $14.95.

cologne classic

From Italy comes one of the sharpest, most tingling of all the colognes—Saluti dall' Italia. Packed in a whimsical chianti bottle, it's the kind of he-man scent that parks the ladies permanently in your arms. $5.

pipe of the times

Something worldly about a pipe with a rare beauty of a Meerschaum bowl, no? Especially when it's a world-famous Medico, fitted with Medico's famous filter, and a rich, Silvertone filagree base. $15.

pour with a song

Something standout. Something that will be the hit of your bar. It's a Mr. Musical Bartender pourer with the finest Thorens Swiss movement that gaily plays, every time it's jigger-time: "How Dry I Am!" $10.

The Dude Magazine, 48 West 48th Street, New York 36, New York 11/57

Name_____ Address_____ City_____ State_____

— SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER —

_____ Chrome Wine-caddie
_____ Cologne Classic
_____ Billfold-watch
_____ Pipe of the Times
_____ Jewel with Music
_____ Pour with a Song

fare as wheeled to your table at Angelo Palange's in North Miami Beach . . . . Those charming buffet luncheons at the Atlanta Biltmore Hotel—Georgia's Atlanta, that is . . . . Bavarian Plug-Pie at Bernstein's in L.A. . . . . Charcoaled broilings at Bart's in Portland, Oregon.

Back in the early Thirties when money was less familiar and poverty was in style, a fantastic cafe flourished in Chicago. It was called the Dill Pickle Club and instead of entertainment, or at least entertainment as we know it today, the floor-show comprised a speech or two by any member of the audience who felt like making a speech, a poetry recital by some unsung poet or a dissertation on the decline and further decline of the economy by an economist drafted from a local N.R.A. brigade. Occasionally there were songs and, appropriately enough, they were songs of woe, of despair, of a future without much hope.

It was a miserable, motley, unhappy joint, the Dill Pickle Club, but it was a beacon of the times and if life was painted as being tar-black, then perhaps a visitor felt the better for his existence being only gray-black. In the early Forties, Josh White and a bistro called Cafe Society birthed a somewhat happier version of this type of meeting hall and when this was successful, similar clubs jumped up all over the land. But, the economy is high, today, and anyone who tells an audience that things are tough all over has to lose out when the same audience averages two television sets and an automobile and a half per family.

Cafe Society switched to a number of other policies, currently highlighting something somewhere between calypso and strip-tease. The Village Vanguard switched to jazz and the uptown Manhattan bistros that highlight a blues-singer or two charge a buck and a quarter for a shot of scotch so the blues are about love and not finances. The "hungry i" in San Francisco bills itself as an existentialist boite and, perhaps, this is a hangover from the Dill Pickle or more likely, the old Cafe Society. It's a droopy honkey-tonk with a lot of atmosphere and not too much decor. It's great for a long cry and a longer whiskey.

RIGHT DRESS

by Wilson Cantrell

As the fog closed in among the tall buildings on Madison Avenue, out of a dark, secluded store-window strode the solitary figure of a tall, thin man. He was followed by a portly gentleman who was carrying a cane and a revolver, cleverly concealed under his coat. It was none other than Hemlock Sholmes and Doctor Whatsup, and little did they realize that at that very moment, Sholmes' archenemy, the luscious, sultry, Fifi LaRuelaRue was plotting their *horrible* death!

Fifi, you see, was madly in love with Sholmes, but he—being loyal to Whatsup—spurned her love to the end. She had given him gifts galore, all in the latest fall styles. There was a beautiful white jacket with the pleated back (see valuable unretouched photograph)

which had been specially made by Aurora, Inc. of New York. It was the kind of jacket that she could fondle pleat by pleat and it wouldn't wrinkle. There was enough expandable room for Fifi to put her arms around him INSIDE the jacket. And it was warm . . . too warm. Sholmes got so hot, off came the jacket.

He was sitting there in his shirt, the new one she had given him a few weeks before. And as she came closer to kiss him, she noticed the new type collar-stays he was wearing. They were permanent, sewn into the collar and durable enough to go through any wash: They were the latest thing for the fall. On his other shirts with the button-down collars, Sholmes wore gold buttons. They were 14 karat and cost her $11 at New York's Merrin Jewelry Co. Instead of plain buttons, Fifi wanted him to have the very best . . . and gold collar buttons were enough to make even the most famous detective a mark of envy.

And then Fifi LaRuelaRue presented him with her newest gift—a grey cape of Austrian loden cloth made by Rudolph Ornstein with hidden pockets galore. A cape so stylish that anyone could wear it. In fact, Fifi thought, a cape big enough for two. And just as Fifi was helping Hemlock Sholmes on with the cape, her arms around his neck, about to begin an embrace, the telephone rang. It was Whatsup again! Professor Moriarty had just robbed Brooks Brothers! Sholmes had to leave. Fifi was shaking with rage. No LaRuelaRue had ever been so scorned. Sholmes would never get away with it.

A short hour after he had left, Fifi began stalking him and Whatsup, her trusty machine-gun tucked safely in her purse. And as the fog closed in among the tall buildings on Madison Avenue, Hemlock Sholmes and Doctor Whatsup, little realizing what a terrible fate lay before them, decided to have a short beer and call it a day!

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN BURGESS

most of AUD REY

fiction . . . **AL SANDVIK**

Working on the undeniably

safe assumption that you

can sell anything with sex,

Madison Avenue has the habit

of leaning heavily on bosoms.

Sometimes too heavily . . .

The situation was highly improbable there in the bedroom. He sat there on the bed and watched a very lovely and very famous lady undress before him. At first, the reason seemed to be the obvious, but when he sensed that there wasn't the slightest trace of embarrassment, only determination on her face, he became confused.

Here he was, Harry Herkimer, age 36, account executive in a medium-sized advertising agency and having done a pretty good job these past eight years if he did say so, with his entire career suddenly in jeopardy, finding it difficult to concentrate on what was before him.

Audrey Plainsfield was, to say the least, a Hollywood starlet. To say the least because she was more than the average run of those gals. She was a pretty big name around Broadway and cafe society. Her figure was more than the average guy could stand to look at for more than thirty seconds straight without giving out a grunt of some kind.

Her trademark was 40-22-36. That and the real blonde hair and brown eyes. When you stop to think of it, she had never done much beyond being 40-22-36, but she had done a great job with that because everybody knew Audrey Plainsfield and everybody knew those numbers.

Harry Herkimer had no business hitting it off with her the way he did. She was in the bucks and had class. Harry was just a guy trying to get by. As a matter of fact, he had no business even meeting her in the first place. Audrey was guest of honor at station WYRD's Christmas party at the Haldorf and Harry happened to be there, strictly for the free martinis and chow. So it wasn't right that they should go together, wham just like that.

(*turn over*)

Harry was standing at the hors d'oeurve table when he noticed her making a return trip from the ladies' room. Her puppy-dog agent, Ben Hershey, had his back turned and was busy making funnies with another guy or he would have spotted her and taken his usual position, two inches to the right and rear of Audrey as she wobbled everything that was in that white lamé dress over to where Harry was holding tight to his third martini and munching on a cracker with some indescribable paste spread on it.

"Is it good?" she asked, giving Harry a smileful of big white teeth.

"What? This or this?" he said, gesturing with the Martini and the cracker.

She giggled. "The cracker, silly. Martinis are all alike."

"I can't agree," Harry said, "but please, let's not argue."

"They're all alike. Two or three and you start getting wild and doing the craziest things. Like dancing."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Dancing. I don't know how they affect you, but they affect me like I always want to get up and dance. No matter whose party it is, I want to get up and dance solo."

"That's funny," Harry said.

"Funny?"

"I don't mean funny funny. I mean it's funny. You know?"

"But why is it funny?"

"Cause I used to get the same reaction from Martinis. Not so much anymore, but I always wanted to dance all by myself. That slow kind of dancing. Like the ballet."

By this time, Ben Hershey, her guardian angel, was on the situation.

"Audrey. Audrey," he said over her bare shoulder with his chin right about where the thin strap was digging in. "Audrey, you'll have to move around, honey. Remember our little rule number three. You haven't met them all yet."

"Scram, Hersh," she said and scram Hersh he did.

Harry took that as a compliment. The two of them talked for at least another forty-five minutes and somewhere in the talking it came to Harry that here *he* was hitting it off with *Audrey Plainsfield*. Before the party broke up, he heard himself asking the same question he had asked dozens of dames before and it surprised him that the same tired words fit here, with her.

"I wonder, Audrey, and please, you won't embarrass me if you say no, would you consider going to dinner with me say next Friday night?"

"I'd just love it," was the fast and fantastic reply.

"It won't be anything fancy, Audrey. Let's face it. I can't afford it. I'm not in your league, you know."

"Who's in any league?" she smiled with those teeth again. "Pick me up at 8:30. Here, I'll write the number."

And that was how the Plainsfield-Herkimer affair began. They saw a lot of each other in the following months. The idea of this two-bit advertising guy monopolizing Audrey Plainsfield's time was prime fodder for the columns. Greta Gopper even allowed as how Audrey passed up a chance to make her first movie for OKO because she quote—wanted to stay in New York with her friends—unquote.

Things were all rosy for Harry when suddenly the lifeblood account of the agency that Harry worked for became very shaky. Holdemform Bra was Harry's only account and when it got shaky, like it often did, Harry's job at the agency got shaky with it. The president of Holdemform Bra had called Harry's boss on Monday morning and let him know, in no uncertain terms, that unless they got some new punch into the ads he'd be compelled to consider withdrawing the account. Approximately 45 seconds after the phones were hung up, the problem was transferred squarely to Harry's lap. He called a creative huddle with the art director and copy writer and, after an hour, everyone came away with doodles on their note pads.

Harry ate light lunches and several aspirin the next few days. The answer came to him on Thursday night from the last source Harry would have expected. Audrey. They had been snuggling on Audrey's couch when Harry, not being able to concentrate on what he was doing, suddenly sat upright and plopped his tousled head in his hands and said, "Damn it, Audrey, I'm in trouble."

Audrey was a very sympathetic girl, but she never got excited about things the way Harry did. She lay there, her hands behind her head, her tremendous chest breathing in and out and was very attentive as Harry poured out his troubled heart on the Holdemform problem.

"That's it, honey," he said, finishing. "I'm sunk, but good," reaching for the Martini swirler.

"Maybe I could help," she said simply. "Maybe I could model for your ads. Maybe that would put more punch in them."

He slammed the swirler down and a small geyser went up in the middle of the sea of Martinis. "That's it!" he shouted. "That's it! Could you help? Punch? Boy, that sure is it."

Suddenly he simmered down and stared into the now still swirler. "We can't do it."

"Why can't we?" Audrey asked.

"We couldn't afford you in a million years. Two hundred bucks an hour? Why we haven't got much more than two hundred bucks for the photography on the whole campaign."

"I've got the answer to that problem," she said. Harry had never heard a dame purr before, but Audrey purred when she said that. Very deliberately she got up, walked around the cocktail table, pulled up her skirt, kneeled down in front of him, wound her arms around his neck, pulled him to her and kissed him for what Harry, if he were to tell the boys about it, would have claimed was a half an hour.

The Holdemform ad campaign with Audrey Plainsfield as the photographic model was a screaming success. It was a lunch table topic for every citizen of Madison Avenue. Who is this pint sized agency? Who is this guy Herkimer? How does he hire Plainsfield on a peanuts budget when she won't even talk modelling to us? There was, among this group, a handful of men who read Greta Gopper and they spread the "real lowdown" wherever they could, but they were only a handful.

Incidental to this turmoil in the advertising business, it was interesting, especially for Harry, to note that Holdemform's sales were predicted to double that year. The press heaped praise on Harry's agency and Harry's boss heaped praise, a raise and a vice-presidency on Harry.

During the year that the new ads were appearing, the famous Audrey Plainsfield and the now famous Harry

(*turn to page* 68)

COME ON IN—THE FORM'S DIVINE!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID SUTTON/PRANGE

This nymph, sylph, mermaid or what will you, might be cavorting in your own back yard, assuming you've got the lucre for a private pool. If not, a short walk down anyone's road will lead you to that hidden woodland pond which is always the best place, anyway, for these shy, spirited creatures. Divine as the nereid is graceful, she yet needs her native habitat to unlax sufficiently and romp in legendary blitheness. And Dawn Richard is no exception.

All on a summer's afternoon, full leisurely she glides.

Water cannot claim the nymph's eternal attention. Her eyes always settle on someone of earth and air.

But water-creatures must come up for air occasionally, and so does our mythic lovely. Once on shore, she's apt to behave with considerable abandon. Her proper care and feeding is then *your* problem. What will you then? A wienie roast? Perhaps too prosaic, but then again, fantastic creatures often have simple delights . . . A snooze under some spreading tree? Always definitely called for. Amazing how exhausting an underwater escapade can be. And for that, you need, of course, a blanket, a dog to guard against intrusion, and yourself, to present a proper libation to your goddess come ashore.

ILLUSTRATED BY DON LIZZUL

fiction . . . **MEYER LEVIN**

NO SENTIMENT

Twice, Arthur Long awakened, dreaming the phone was ringing. He should have stayed at the hospital. This way he would get no rest, worrying. No, he simply had to learn to take every crisis as routine. The kid had responded well to the sulfa. There was nothing more he could do there.

The third time, the call was real. Janet woke, too. "Bad?" she asked.

"Relapse. I've got to get over there."

"What can you do?"

"Try serum."

"Couldn't someone else at the hospital administer the serum?" she suggested.

Art pulled on his shoes. "It's my case."

Just his luck to have the McInerney child come down with pneumonia during the old doc's absence. Still, if he pulled the kid through the McInerney's might come to him when he set up his own office.

"Drive carefully, dear," Janet said, as always.

He always did, even heeding the red stop lights, though there was little traffic. At Western, he just missed the light. A figure stepped from the curb. The man opened the door and slid into the car before Art realized what was happening.

"Drive down a block and turn right," the man said. "Don't get any smart ideas and don't blow your horn." The pistol was in his hand, uncovered.

Now, Art worried, he'd lose time. He should have driven with the door locked as Maury Kalish always advised. He was losing time.

The hold-up man was about his own age, Art judged, glancing at the fellow as he followed directions. A taut, dry skin. Wore a good overcoat, a respectable gray hat. Could be anything, by his looks. And he was going about his business with self-possessed efficiency. Not too tense. A good surgeon's control.

"Pull up here."

Art obeyed, saying, "Look, okay, take what you want, but quick, will you, I'm in a hurry."

"I ain't got all night either," the holdup man said with a glint of humor. "Give me your wallet and loose change. Let's see your watch and what else you got."

His father had given him the watch. But it was worth about fifty dollars, and you couldn't expect a holdup man to pass up anything that valuable, on a plea of sentiment.

Art handed over the watch. He had about four dollars, loose. There were a couple of tens in his wallet. "Listen, take the money," he said, "but why don't you leave me this wallet? It's got some membership cards and junk—no use to you, but a lot of trouble for me to replace."

"Okay, keep your junk. But that ain't a bad wallet. Let me have it, I can get maybe half a buck for it." The fellow was thorough.

Janet had given him the wallet for Christmas. "Look," Art said, "it's only half a buck to you. But for me its got sentimental value—"

The thief glanced at him ironically. "No sentiment in my profession, doc." He spilled out everything but the money, and pocketed the wallet. With a last comprehensive glance, he even picked Art's fountain pen from his coat. "Now get out of the car and no squawking. Make it snappy."

The car! That hadn't occured to Art. "But I won't be able to get a cab around here. Everything is closed. I might be stuck for an hour."

"You catch on quick," the thief said.

"Listen, I've got to get to St. Agnes Hospital, quick. It's pneumonia—a relapse. It's a kid, just a seven-year-old kid. A little girl."

"I let you keep this car, doc, and you could have them chasing me in two minutes."

"At least, drive me someplace where I can get a cab. Or a phone."

The man laughed drily, and Art realized the thoughtlessness of his suggestion. But he had another idea. "Drive me near the hospital. Any-

(*turn over*)

Aside from rotatable thumbs it's sometimes hard to tell certain men from apes . . . except when it comes to a matter of pride . . .

where within a couple of blocks. Then you can keep the car. I promise you." Art saw the beginning of hesitation in the man's eyes.

But the thief shook his head, as one might after considering a proposal of questionable scientific value. "Too risky, doc. We might pass a dozen squad cars. And anyway they'd be on my tail the minute you got to the hospital."

"No. I promise you. Look, the car and everything is insured. I don't care if you are caught or not. All I want is to get to my patient."

"Little girl, you said it was?"

"Seven years old."

"Pneumonia, huh?"

What decided the man, Art never knew. Maybe the fellow had kids of his own. "Start the car. And drive carefully," the holdup man instructed him. "I don't want to be picked up for any traffic violations."

They rode in silence through the silent, night-bound city. The thief sat tense, sullenly challenging, as though ready to jump, and to snap out in anger if the doc made the slightest crack about his good deed.

To get to St. Agnes, they'd either have to pass through the downtown streets, or twist around a railroad terminal through an industrial area.

"Turn down here; I ain't going downtown," the thief directed. He knew his way around.

Once, they saw a parked squad car. The thief sat erect, wary. They passed the police car. "You're okay, doc," he said.

Now he seemed to feel conversational. He asked how the medical business was, how a young doctor made out. Art explained that he was working mostly on salary, seventy-five a week, as old Dr. Shaw's assistant, meanwhile working up his own trade on the side. Soon he hoped to go into his own office.

"Just like anything else, huh, it ain't a cinch to get started. You have to be in it awhile before you can make a buck," the thief remarked.

In his turn, Art asked, "How do you make out?"

"Not so bad."

"Ever get caught?"

"I did two years."

Art was silent, but the fellow seemed to sense his question. "They'll get me again, sometime," he said. "It's the breaks. You got to expect it. You got to be careful as you can but you got to expect it."

Art felt he understood. No matter what precautions you took—every once in a while you had to expect it—you'd lose a patient.

They were nearing St. Agnes. Alongside a dark warehouse, the fellow said, "Okay, doc. Stop here." The hospital was about four blocks away.

"Let me keep my bag," Art made a last plea. "All you'll get is a few bucks for it, and it'll cost me fifty to replace."

The thief shook his head.

"Well, thanks for the ride," Art said.

"That's all right. I hope you save the kid."

"Maybe we will," Art responded. He thought he saw, or perhaps he only imagined a flicker of appreciation in the holdup man's eyes, as he drove off.

Art hurried at a half-run to the hospital.

The night supervisor greeted him. "You got here quickly, doctor."

"Yeah. I almost didn't get here at all. How's my patient?"

The serum was in readiness, she said. "I haven't even got a stethoscope," Art said. "I'll have to borrow everything."

"Forget your bag?" Miss Nelson, the night supervisor said cheerily, with tolerance for a young doctor understandably excited.

"Oh, I was held up. Fellow stole my car, my bag, everything. And I'll have to borrow taxi-fare home."

Miss Nelson was aghast. Held up! She'd call the police, at once!

Art was on the point of saying, "No, don't." But how would he explain that? And besides, the thief had expected the police to be notified. It was the game. He had his head start.

"I'll give you the details later," Art said, hurrying down the hall. "I've got to get a look at that girl."

The supervisor and the nurses flocked into the room while he checked the child's pulse. It was thready. Fortunately the interne already had the serum hooked up. Even while young Dr. Long found the vein, they kept asking him what the thief looked like, how big, how old. And as he started the serum flowing, he was aware of two policemen coming into the doorway.

The serum went in without shock. She'd use it okay.

Art turned to the police.

"And, all the way to the hospital, with that gun at his side!" Miss Nelson repeated excitedly. Art heard the story echoing along the floor. He was a hero.

Later, when the child got to sleep, the police drove him home in a squad car. They were solicitous.

Janet had set out milk and a sandwich. As he slipped back into bed, she asked in her sleep, "Were you in time, darling?"

He knew she'd be disappointed in the morning if he failed to wake her now for the story, so he said, "I had an adventure." She was listening drowsily. Suddenly she sat up, as from a nightmare. "A gun! Darling, he could have killed you!" Then she laughed, with a touch of hysteria. "That's you. Arthur Long, M.D. A gun at his head and all he thinks of is getting to his patient."

The phone rang. It wasn't the hospital; it was the "Times."

All day, photographers and reporters and congratulatory calls. Mrs. McInerney, the child's mother, called, and then McInerney himself. "Doctor, I won't forget what you did. I'll find a way to show my appreciation." And that afternoon, Art already had his first two new patients, women who insisted on telling him how they admired his courage and devotion.

"Maybe it's going to turn out to be a lucky thing after all," he remarked to Janet at dinner. "Even if we lost a couple of hundred bucks on the value of the car. This thing may make me."

"Well, you saved the child's life, by your bravery," Janet insisted.

He would have felt perfectly all right about the affair except that, during dinner, the police called. Could he come to the station and identify the thief and claim his car?

Art had never thought of this contingency. Never thought they'd catch the fellow.

"Dear, is anything wrong?"

(*turn to page* 65)

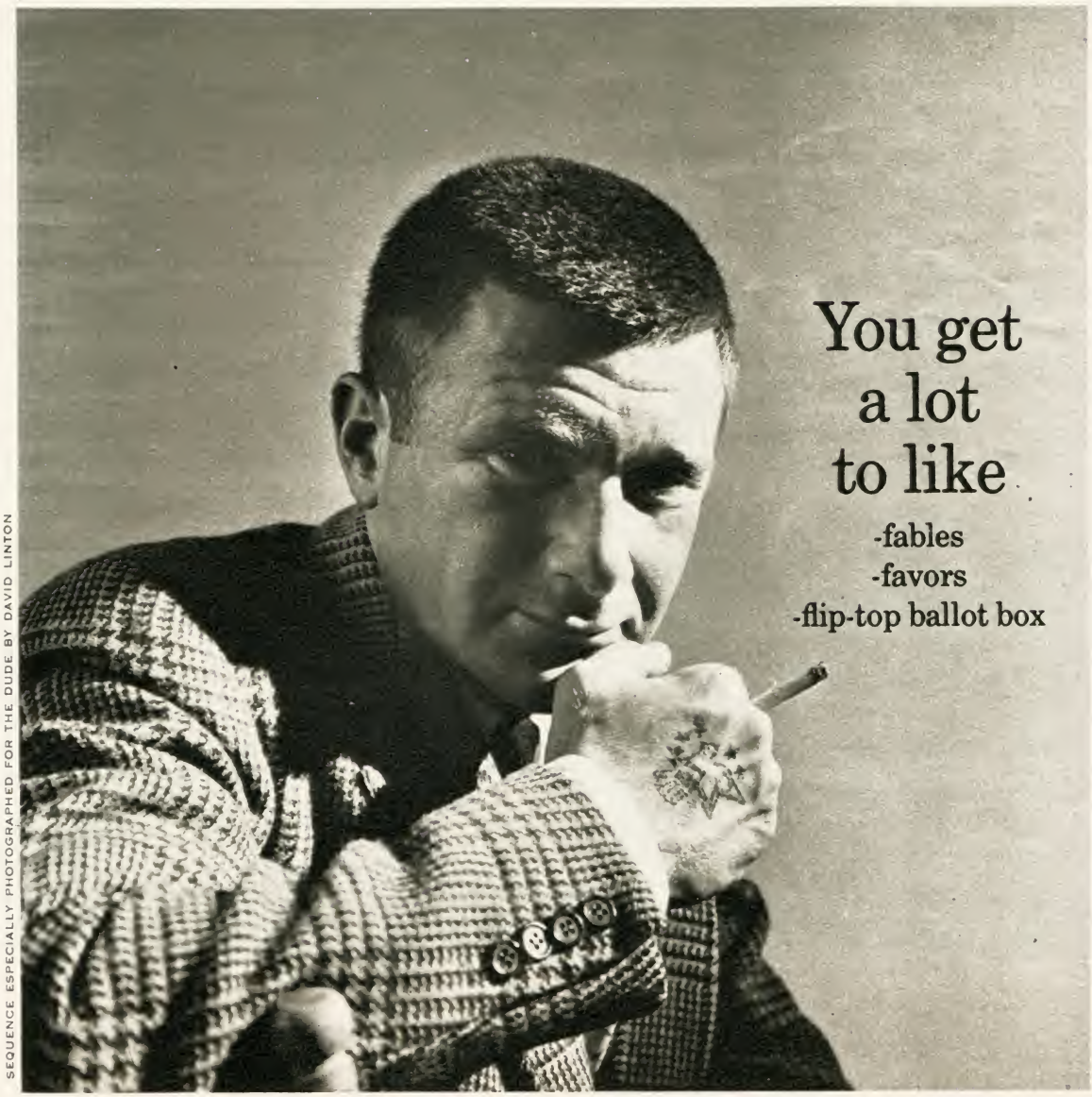
Now that Madison Avenue has proved its value in presidential campaigns it is obvious that the future arena of trial by ballot box will be conducted by the crew-cuts.

At this very moment somewhere in the mid-west, a young man is readying himself for combat. A Public Relations man has already changed Burpinton Thrombottom's first name to Rod. Rod's prematurely grey hair has been cropped so that not a single hair is more than a half inch high. An anchor is tattooed on the back of his hand.

The grey-flannel suits are brain-storming right this minute, preparing for 1960 . . .

Take it away Madison Avenue, take it away Rod...

Thrombottom



SEQUENCE ESPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE DUDE BY DAVID LINTON

I dreamed I voted for Thrombottom

in my slip and no bra…

THROMBOTTOM is always good company!

Enjoy a finer candidate!

Switch to THROMBOTTOM America's best-selling presidential candidate!

DROP THE ORANGES IF YOU MUST...but don't juggle with your vote!

*Throm*bottom *is the candidate of candidates....* *He leaves you breathless!*

Thrombottom.... *because*

ILLUSTRATED BY GIL WALKER

fiction . . . **WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM**

The man who knows all there is to know about Monster Midways *takes you on another personally conducted tour down* Nightmare Alley . . . *that cruel, sometimes terrifying, but always fascinating world of the carnival grifter . . .*

"Rattlesnake Ed" Rankin was the fellow's name that run this snake show on the midway, "Jungle Terrors." When I parked my old, beat-up truck on the edge of the fair grounds I was only hoping they'd have a snake show. Then I see this big banner and outside some boards with big photographs of a fellow wrestling an alligator underwater and milking rattlesnakes. So I went back to my truck and lifted out six flour sacks with knots tied in them at the top. I toted them over to the snake show and picked my way around it between guy ropes into the backyard where I see this little shiny house trailer.

A fellow was sitting on the steps of the trailer, rolling a cigar stump over a match to light it. He had his shirt off; a chunky, red-haired fellow wearing denims and cowboy boots.

"You the boss?" I asked him.

He got the cigar stump going and flicked the match away. Then, without even looking at me he says, "Fifty cents a foot for rattlers."

"Rattlers is what I got," I says.

He says, "Dump the biggest."

I untied the knot and dumped him out; he slipped into an easy coil with his head drawn back in an "S", ready for business but not starting any trouble himself. He was a beauty, very pale markings.

"Two bucks," he says.

I figured I'd better hold on to the snakes at that price and try some other carny. But I says, "Mister, if you been around snakes much you know that this old boy is six feet long without putting a tape measure on him."

He rolled the cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. "You too chicken to pick him up and straighten him out?"

I says, "I ain't. But I ain't going to, neither." It was right at this minute that I see the girl. Usually I didn't pay much mind to girls on shows, most of them heavy-painted up and looking bold and ornery around the edges. This one was different. Her eyes were grey and big and looked right at you. Her hair was dark brown, sort of chestnut. She was wearing denims too and an old shirt with the sleeves rolled up; she was barefooted. I couldn't hardly take my eyes off her. I must have shifted my feet a little for I hear this old rattler start his buzzer—not loud or dangerous, just warning me not to tromp on him.

The sensible thing for me to do was to pin that snake's head down with a stick and get a good holt on him back of the head. But with this girl looking at me from the trailer door I done something plumb foolish. I pulled out a red bandana handkerchief, and I knelt down, holding it by the corner. I gave it a flick toward the snake and this time he drew back his head a little more, the rattle sounded loud and steady. He was all cocked and ready to shoot. I made another motion toward him with the cloth and then, with a hot flash up my back I had snapped my hand away even before I knew he had struck. My hand knew it before I did. The girl sucked in her breath. I saw her breasts lift under the old shirt when I smiled up

(*turn over*)

EVIE AND THE SERPENT

at her. Rankin, with a possum grin on his face, was watching the rattler. It had recoiled, all ready. Now I kept the handkerchief farther away, shaking it gently. Slow and cautious I eased around him, letting my left hand sneak up. Then I snapped the cloth, he struck and before he could recoil I had him behind the head. I stood up and held him so's they could see that he was as long as I was tall—six feet.

I says, "Three dollars' worth?"

Rankin spread his possum grin wider. "Relax, Slim. I was kidding you. How big are the others?"

I told him I figured twelve-fifty for the lot. He took a mess of money out of his pocket and pulled off three fives. I put them away in my shirt pocket. "You ever been 'with it,' Slim?"

I was working the big fellow back into the bag. "Couple of seasons. I can work canvas and the ticket box."

"Want a job?"

I didn't much; I had other plans for snake-hunting further west and I meant to stick to them but I heard myself saying "Sure how much?"

"Ten a week and walk-aways." That means the change people walk away and forget on the ticket box. "Bunk in the show top."

"I can bunk in my truck," I told him.

That was how I come to join on the "Jungle Terrors" show.

I didn't have any ideas about the girl right then, or none that I knew about. I figured she was Rankin's woman and I was right. She didn't look ornery enough to be his daughter.

There was one reason I wasn't sorry I had joined on but I didn't see that until Rankin was showing me his layout. "This here is the main pit," he said. "Just junk—indigos, pines, king-snakes, any thing the farm boys bring in. Evie works it." So I knew the girl's name was Evie. "I work the bally and the annex. And in this pit over here we got something a lot of these rubes have never seen. Take a hinge in there."

It was the biggest snake I ever laid eyes on, light brown with oval black rings along its back. It was a beauty. I figured it at twenty feet but it was only about eleven. It was bigger around the middle than the snakes I knew. "An anaconda," I said. "South America."

"Say Slim—you do know something after all."

"She's a female," I said. "I can tell by the way the tail gets thinner right after the body. What do you feed her?"

Rankin snorted. "Ain't bothered to feed her. I figure on swapping her off after we play the last fair date."

I ran my truck into the backyard near the trailer and when we opened for the day I was on the ticket box.

For the bally Rankin came out wearing riding boots and white breeches with one of these lion-tamer hats. He made a pretty good opening and when the girl, Evie, stepped out with a big, blue-black indigo snake across her shoulders the townies came running from all over. I could hardly keep my eyes on the roll of tickets. Something seemed to reach right inside my shirt and grab me where I breathed the minute I saw her step up there wearing nothing but that snake and a costume that was just three green silk leaves. Right then I knew that that business in the Bible about an apple was just a polite way of saying what it meant. I knew now just what that story was about.

When Rankin had wound up his opening and the girl ran down the steps of the platform and back inside she turned just for the barest smidgeon of time and her eyes looked straight at me, not bold or anything but the way a squirrel looks at you from around a tree.

Finally, over the blast of the speakers, I could hear Rankin making his pitch for the annex, a quarter a head extra. He got maybe ten or fifteen and dropped the canvas flap. I turned and I saw that the girl, Evie, had slipped on a cotton dress and was standing by the anaconda's pit. Then she reached down and lifted its head on her hand, stroking it. The snake seemed to like it. It didn't try to nip her. That girl petting the snake was one of the lonesomest things I ever saw but I turned away; I didn't want her to catch me watching her.

I heard the crowd in the annex suck in its breath and sort of moan. Then somebody sings out, "Help me get her out of here. She's fainted."

Evie ducked under the flap and came back helping a woman who was looking white and sickly. Nobody was near on the midway and Evie was there so I ducked inside to see what Rankin had for an annex that had the townies fainting.

It was a small pit, not more than knee-high. It was full of rattlers, lying quiet in coils. Rankin was down on one knee teasing the biggest one and it was sounding off but I could tell that the rattle didn't have much steam to it. Finally it struck at his forearm and connected. I could feel the hair getting tight on the back of my neck. Rankin stood up with the snake hanging to him; then slowly he unhooked it and held it so that the crowd could see the fangs—nobody could say they had been broke off before the show.

The crowd began to jostle its way out and I got back to the ticket box. Evie still had her arm around the woman and I heard her say, "It's all right, ma'm, he ain't hurt, not any. Their pizen don't hurt him, honest." She had a low, honey-sweet voice, just natural, not put on. It was the first time I had heard it.

When the woman had been taken away by her man and Rankin was up on the bally talking them over to us, I said to the girl, "Is that straight—the venom don't hurt him?"

She looked square at me for a moment, then dropped her eyes. Her voice this time was a little breathless and I knew she was shy, same as lots of country girls when a man talks to them. That was the only kind of girl I could talk to easy.

She said, "It's true they can't hurt him. They been fixed."

I was about to ask her what that meant but she shucked off her dress and pulled the indigo snake out of a box under the platform. Then she was up there, naked except for the three silk leaves.

That night after we closed Rankin told me, "Lace down the entrance flap, Slim. We got to fix those rattlers you brought in. Go get them."

I done it and put the sacks down outside the annex pit. I hefted over the sack of the biggest and Rankin took up a snake hook made out of a metal golf club handle. He untied the sack, dumped out the snake and pinned its head down with the hook. Then he lifted it by the neck and felt in his hip pocket. He called out, "Evie—bring me the scalpel."

She brought him a leather case and he took out one of these thin-bladed doctor's knives. He levered open the

THE DUDE

rattler's mouth and began to squeeze the poison glands. The poison squirted out, bright yellow in the light of the overhead bulb.

Rankin knelt down, laid the snake's head on his knee and told me, "Hang on to the rest of him, Slim. He's going to whip around right brisk." I grabbed the tail end and hung on.

He took the knife and pushed it up into the rattler's jaw, feeling around. He made a short, quick cut, then did the same on the other side. Then he said, "Back in the bag." He wound the snake into the sack while I held it open. "We'll let him cool off in there a couple of days. I cut the ducts leading from the poison glands to the fangs. The glands dry up. When we can't milk a sign of poison out of him he's safe for the show—good for a month, maybe."

"What about after a month?"

The possum look come back on his face. "Well, then you got to get a new rattler. This kills 'em but they die slow; you can use 'em four, five weeks.

I never could tell anybody how I feel about snakes. I can kill one quick if it's near a farm or a house and might bite somebody. But I took many a licking while I was growing up from bigger kids who would catch a snake and then pour gasoline on it, fixing to set it afire. I couldn't help feeling the way I do. It was like seeing a fellow tie up a hound dog and then start whipping it—you got to fight the fellow, even if you know you're going to get beat worsen the dog.

I looked up at the girl's face and it was dead white, there in the glare of the bulb. They grey eyes were so wide that a little of the white showed around the grey. She spun around and ran out and I watched her go. When I turned back I found that Rankin had been watching me.

He grinned wider. "She really swings it, don't she? But not on purpose—she's built that way. She don't know enough to swing it on purpose. But she's coming along pretty good. Dump out another rattler."

I had wanted to try to buy back the snakes from him and blow, but I didn't say nothing. I had begun thinking about the girl.

I had a lot more to think about before we made the jump to the next fair. One night after we closed I had been down to the grease joint for a mess of fried fish and hush puppies. When I got back to the show top I could see that the light was on and I went in under the side wall nice and quiet. I couldn't see the girl but I could hear her whispering. It was coming from the anaconda's pen and I walked over, my feet making no sound on the trampled grass floor.

You would have thought she was talking to a baby. "Come on, honey," she was saying, "Evie's going to give you a bath. It's most time for you to be shedding your skin, ain't it?" I looked over and she was on her hands and knees with a rag and a basin of water, washing down the big snake. I must have made a noise for she started up, frightened, as if she had been caught doing something bad. I was going to tell her that I'd give her a hand when she stepped back quick and tripped over the snake's body. She went down in a heap and before you could snap your fingers the anaconda had a coil around her midsection. Evie was kicking her bare feet and scrambling

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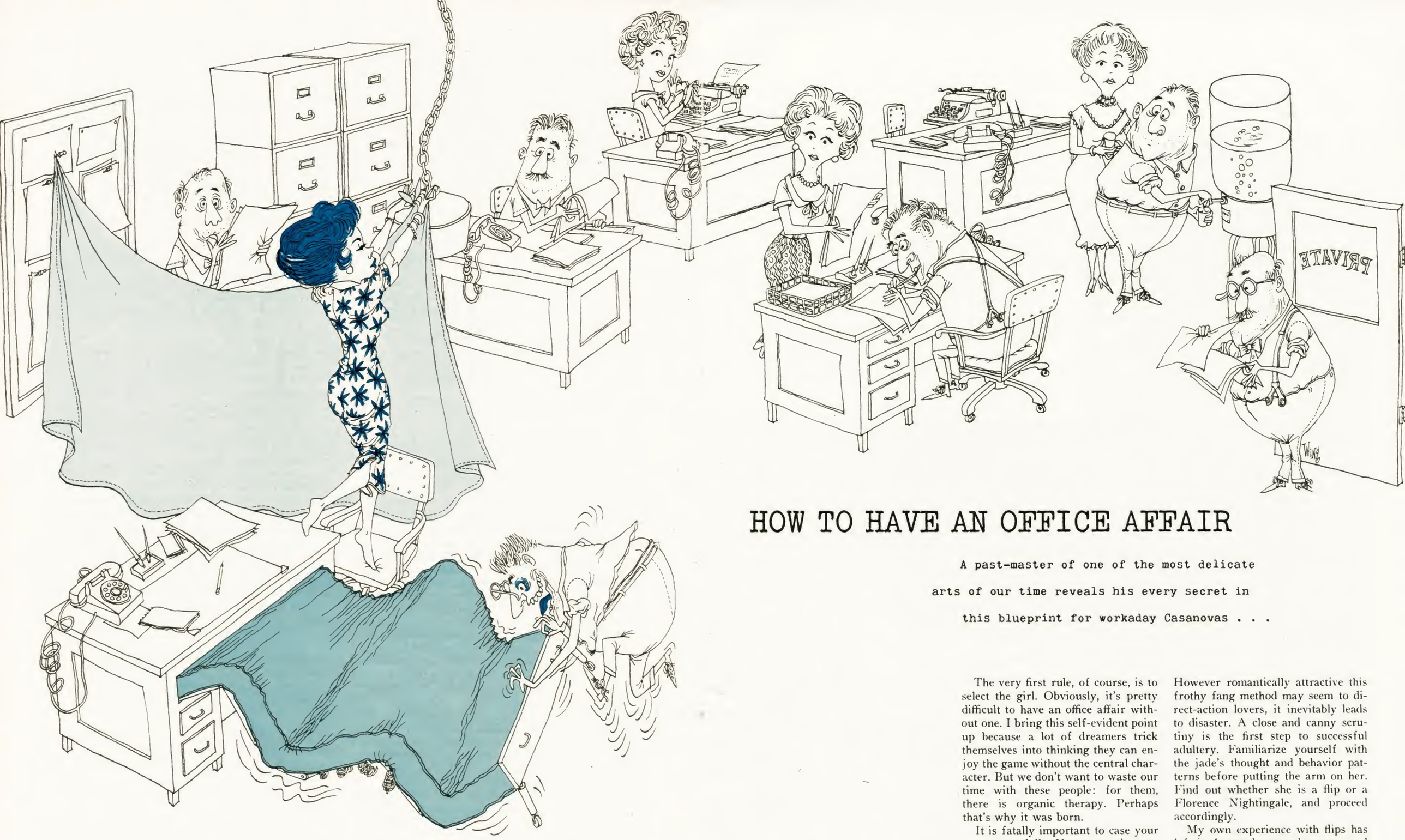

HOW TO HAVE AN OFFICE AFFAIR

A past-master of one of the most delicate arts of our time reveals his every secret in this blueprint for workaday Casanovas . . .

satire . . . **CHANDLER BROSSARD**

The very first rule, of course, is to select the girl. Obviously, it's pretty difficult to have an office affair without one. I bring this self-evident point up because a lot of dreamers trick themselves into thinking they can enjoy the game without the central character. But we don't want to waste our time with these people: for them, there is organic therapy. Perhaps that's why it was born.

It is fatally important to case your quarry carefully. You cannot just see some likely confection floating down the corridor on the way to the mail room and throw yourself upon her. However romantically attractive this frothy fang method may seem to direct-action lovers, it inevitably leads to disaster. A close and canny scrutiny is the first step to successful adultery. Familiarize yourself with the jade's thought and behavior patterns before putting the arm on her. Find out whether she is a flip or a Florence Nightingale, and proceed accordingly.

My own experience with flips has left its horrendous mark on me, and consequently I tend these days toward the more predictable, middle-

(*turn over*)

class quail. What I'm trying to say, is that however delicious they may be, flips can crucify you. However, for those amongst us who like to scale the heights and soar down the slopes, here are a few notes on having an office affair with these female James Deans.

First of all, get one who labors in some highly remote cranny of the organization. Don't pluck one from your own little front yard. Whenever she gets the urge to communicate some aspect of her neurosis to you, she'll think twice when those three and a half miles of corridor loom ahead of her. In the case of these naughty ones, distance psychologic and cultural is pretty desirable too. Ideally, she should be a member of some far eastern sect who would regard you with terrified awe; short of that, it's nice if she is from the far reaches of Brooklyn and lives in what could be called a different world. Try to cultivate these cultural and social differences. You might, with luck, convince her that she actually has no civil rights in your world, and that therefore, it would do her no good to call the police and scream rape, because she would be deported post haste. Or something like that.

Flips have a pash for intrigue, drama and mystery, or anything that confirms their notion that life is, after all, a three dimensional movie. So when you are on the make, and after you've scored with the minx, play this knowledge for all it is worth. When you call her on the interoffice phone, put a handkerchief over the mouthpiece to make it sound as though you are in a booth in the subway station. Just when you are on the verge of saying something important, hang up abruptly. Or ask her to spy on somebody in the office for you because you are convinced they are out to give you the heave-ho. Every fiber of her sick being will luxuriate in this kind of jazz, and she will repay you in spades.

Once you have selected your nightmare girl, there are various ways of approaching her and letting her in on your dreadful desire (as if she didn't know already). If she is the literary type, for instance,—that is, if she is quite aware that the New School for Social Research is not a relief agency—there is nothing more apt than letting her know that your favorite reading is the *Book of the Dead*. You can do this by slipping her a note while she is waiting in the morning coffee line. Or you can loiter around the coke machine until she shows in the afternoon, and very nonchalantly inform her, "Guess what—I've read the *Book of the Dead* two hundred and eleven times." This should break her up.

But let us suppose that she is not the literary type. Let us suppose that she can barely read. Let us imagine that she gets her kicks out of feeling her way through picture magazines and old copies of *Confidential*. OK. (Let us also assume that she has the unconsciously delicious figure of a girdle model and the strangely gripping style of a rennaisance somnambulist.) There are a couple of methods of getting to this one. Hint around, for instance, that you are a close personal friend of Elvis Presley's psychoanalyst. Or, ask her if she would have a spare moment to type a rather long letter to a friend of yours named Mickey Jelke.

But sometimes, of course, this particular kind of office ocelot will respond only to the most violent, brutal, and uncompromising kind of approach. If this is the case, simply walk by her desk, one fine day, give her a glaring open look, throw down a piece of bubble gum, and walk grandly off.

Once the ball has begun to bounce, one of the biggest hurdles you have to hump—or vice versa—is the behavior of the captive in the office. It is the flip's instinctive desire to play this sexual conspiracy like Bernhard in a potato race with Callas. (I'm not straining—the comparison works.) You must not allow this, of course. Tell her under no circumstances is she to rush into your office first thing and scream "Big Daddy, what a simply fantastic animal you were last night!" You must be very firm with her. At the coffee line—that morning gauntlet of modern times—she must not breathe heavily and lay her eyes on you like two saucers of chilled madrilene. She must play it very cool so that every stud in the joint won't know that you are shacking.

Meeting for midday chow often presents many an itchy problem if you are to preserve your liason and privacy. The most obvious solution is to meet in a Chinese lunch counter near the Hudson where there is practically no chance of anybody from the office catching you. The further away from the office you are, the more liberties you may take with her walking style (short of exhibitionism that may land you in stir). You can even laugh boisterously if you want to. But as soon as you come within four blocks of the old office, you should split up like a bifurcated mollusk. Be sure that you don't miss your timing, otherwise you'll wind up bumping into her in the revolving door.

Let's suppose you want to eat in a nicer, nearer place. How should you swing it? Should you boldly meet her there, in full view of possible exposure, have a good time, and face the risks like a red-blooded man? Or should you act like a sneaking coward, meet her at a darkly lit table, huddle behind those huge menus, and then, like a whipped dog, crawl back to the office by some devious route? The latter, of course. What if you are accidentally spotted by some wandering, fishy-eyed member of your office staff, just as you are about to slip her a piece of buttered melba toast? What do you do then, eh? Put a hood quickly over your face and act like the Masked Marvel? Dive under the table and yell Fire!? Of course not. Don't do any of these absurd things. Calmly leave the table, go directly to the men's room, and stay there for the rest of the afternoon. If by chance, some office cohort snidely says "Didn't I see you with Asphodel Kirschner in the Armpit Arms Bar yesterday?" You must answer, "You're damn tootin' you did! We were waiting for my wife. They went to school together and I was chaperoning them to their class reunion at Schnitzler's Grove." Of course, he won't believe a word of it, but you have successfully brazened it out, and you feel cleaner for it (don't you, old bean?).

A truly horrifying pitfall facing anybody having an affair with an office-neurotic is the inevitable office party, which you must attend or be dismissed without a penny's severance pay. First of all, see if you can't talk her into faking extreme colitis so she won't have to come. If you fail here, then plead with her not to touch a drop of the hard stuff if she cares for you at all. Naturally she is going to tell you to go straight to hell. Asking her not to do these things would be roughly like asking Terry Moore to start dressing in gunny sacks. Once you are at this Gethsemane, keep your wits about you. 1) Don't sit within eighteen tables of her. 2) Don't make any inexplicable sudden gestures that she could possibly interpret

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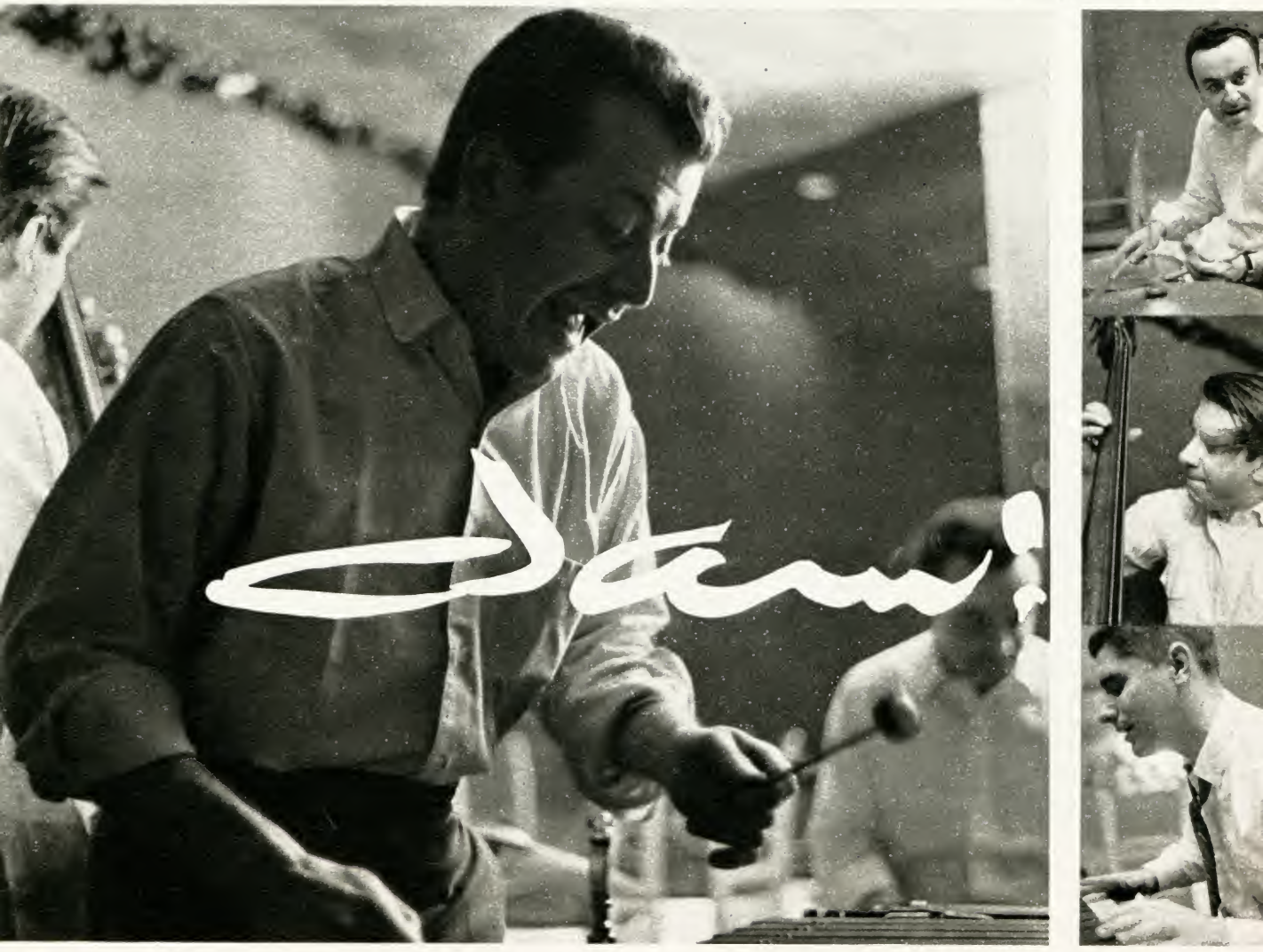
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK STEWART



Jack of all music and master, man! master of them all—Don Elliott! (Top right) Al Belding belts out rhythm on the drums as Ernie Furtado (center) plucks the bass and Bobby Corwin massages the "88" during special jam session set up for *The Dude's* ears alone.

Steve the Allen and Jack the Gleason like him—remember him on their shows? . . . and turn-tables quiver under the weight of his best-selling records . . . in fact, man, there's nowhere to turn in the cerebral world of stone-cool jazz without running into his influence . . . And the reasons are good, daddy, good. Name another hep dive-cat who can short a french horn—peck tootles off a tenor sax—trumpet it up, tearing the heart out of a joint and then cool-faced and deeply wise, get in it with the vibes, sandwiching snacks out of traps, or modulating the crush on the Steinway.

(*turn over*)

Don's business manager is a real girl-type girl, Doris Wiss.

Not satisfied with the standard French horn, Don Elliott had a new one designed to his own specifications.

You'd have to go way-out in somewhere to cap this king of the parallel octaves and intrepid researcher in flatted fifths. Come on, wise-ones. Clap your hides for a man who's bringing you excitement! There are dreary ones in the world of the cool. But Elliott isn't one of them. He's cool all right, but hot, too. Hep?

Mood Indigo becomes Mood Elegiac when the Elliott combo works out an old Ellington standard.

Unlike most of his "cool" brethren, Don doesn't find a little clowning beneath his dignity . . . He's more secure than most!

HOW TO HAVE AN OFFICE AFFAIR

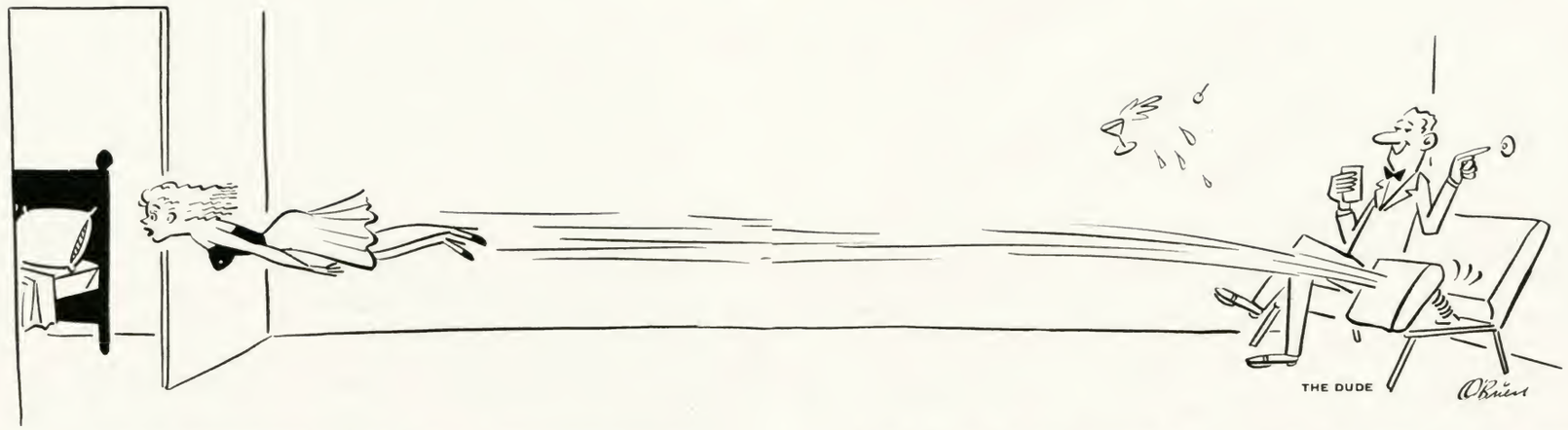
(*continued from page 26*)

as signals of acceptance. 3) Whatever you feel, don't—if you value your life—get on a dance floor with her when the band is playing anything that has the faintest Spanish beat to it. 4) Don't talk to any other female if you can possibly avoid it. If she sees you and she's had a couple, she'll begin dismantling the decor. 5) Leave as soon as possible, via the servants' entrance.

Having given you a grammar of behavior re: the office sickie, I feel that I should now give you a rundown on the straight chick. The Appian Way to this one's main artery is Sympathy and Understanding. Practice walking around in a daze to give her the idea that you have a soul. Forget to pay the Schrafft's girl for your coffee in the morning, and make a point of having her see you stir the coffee with your fountain pen. She'll go mad for this. Every now and then, when you pass her desk, work up a strange, anguished smile. When—in the course of your promotion—you get around to explaining your wife, say that she spends all of her time listening to old Bessie Smith records and eating pigs' feet. The only time she talks to you, is to ask you to turn off the bathtub faucet because it's dripping.

But one thing you've got to beware of with this straight, sympathetic, understanding-type is her generosity. Don't get disturbed when you find odd little presents waiting for you on your desk like lost Arab children. Just play it cool, save them up, and throw them away at the appropriate moment. Then explain to her that the boss's secretary is spying on the two of you, and that her surreptitious acts of generosity arouse her suspicions. Tell her that if she wants to give you something, she might deposit her weekly pay check in your account. This is sure to give her a feeling of participation.

The eating out problem with this one is solved quite easily: just don't take her *anywhere* to eat. Instead take her for walks in the zoo—where practically nobody from your office is apt to be unless they are child-molesters—and let her toss peanuts to the baby yak. Or stroll her through the Museum of Modern Art, and try



to explain modern painting to her. (It's as good a way as any of keeping her confused.) When you part, to wind your separate ways back to the old treadmill, explain to her that you really despise this kind of dissembling. That if you had your way, you'd send out a special office bulletin announcing just how great you swing with her. (Don't say this too loud though; some snipe-hunting office boy might be skulking nearby.) She'll understand. She'll secretly think you're crazy as a bedbug and therefore should be mothered.

All things considered, it is quite possible to have a fine, rich, fulfilling, devious, oedipal, and thoroughly dishonest but satisfying affair in the office with our good middle-class girl. Ultimately of course, all good affairs must come to an end, and any adulterer worth his hassenpfeffer knows this. But the quail doesn't. Abandoning the good middle class item is more arduous than bouncing the flip, mainly because you have to tell more complicated lies. I would advise this approach: First off, subtly suggest that she throw herself off the George Washington Bridge because life is patently not worth living anymore. However, if you like a more labryinthian method, tell her your analyst has just discovered that she is a sister substitute, and what kind of a girl would dream of going to bed with her brother?

Getting rid of the flip is very simple indeed. Inform her, as blithely as you can, that your internist has just turned up a smidgin of our old spirochete friend in your blood, and hello Mayo. She'll understand. If she doesn't, if she wants to get revengeful, or any of that kind of gook, tell her that if she doesn't blow, or hang up, or stop bothering you, that all the Blue Shield coverage in Dutchess County wouldn't cover half her injuries if you went to work on her. At this point, you are free and ready for more adventure.

P.S. Many of my correspondents have written in for my golden words on how to have two affairs simultaneously in the same office. I am working on a new directive for this kind of delectable double dealing. Meanwhile, my words are these: any real, first class stroker can swing two at once. However—it is absolutely essential to stay away from that coffee line.

EVIE AND THE SERPENT

(*continued from page 23*)

but she didn't make a sound. By the time I had got in the pit the snake had another coil around her chest. Every time the girl breathed out the coils tightened an inch.

I looked for the head, grabbed the neck behind it so the snake didn't have room to turn and nip me and started to unwind it. This wasn't hard to do because a constrictor snake ain't built to fight against being unwound.

When I got the girl loose the snake moved away, smelling the air with its tongue, a little nervous but not too scared.

Didn't either of us want to make any sudden moves in that pit, though. I put my arm around Evie to hold her up while she was catching her breath. I tangled my fingers in her hair and made her lift her mouth. Finally she pulled away. "Let me go, Slim. Don't ever do that to me again."

"I ain't afraid of Ed," I told her.

"I know. You're a man. If he was to catch us he'd fire you off the show. But he'd give me a whipping, after."

"I wouldn't let him lay a hand on you."

"You couldn't stop him."

"Just let him try it."

"No—let me go, Slim."

I was dizzy with the blood pounding in my neck. I said, "Kiss me, Evie. I've got to kiss you again." She had the same need and we swayed a little there, our breath hot against each other.

"Evie," I whispered, my hands low and pulling her in close. "We got to get away. You ain't married to him?"

She shook her head.

"Let's get in my truck and take off."

She fought loose, stepped over the canvas and was gone. She was really broke to the bridle by him, I thought.

I knew right then and there that I was going to take a licking from Rankin sooner or later and I felt trembly and happy about it—if I could pry Evie loose. Only thing I was afraid of was, she wouldn't come loose.

We made a jump to another state fair, working south all the time. Every time we hit a new fair Rankin was always taking a couple of rattlers around to a newspaper office, demonstrating how you milk them for venom. Then the papers would bust out with a page of pictures about it, free advertising for the show.

It was at this next fair, the biggest of the route, that Rankin cooked up another idea. While we were setting up I saw him talking to the boys over by the press wagon. When he came back to give me a hand driving stakes he said, "Slim—they got a real crazy idea for this one. I'm supposed to wrestle an anaconda—underwater!"

"You going to do this for free?" I asked him, hoisting the sledge.

"You think I'm that crazy? We got a three-way tie-in. The show, the fair and the town TV station. They got a local newsreel they show every afternoon. If I pull off this stunt we get the last day of the fair free and clear—nothing goes to the office wagon for our midway footage. That anaconda is going to be the most valuable damn snake I ever had."

After we set up there was nothing to do. The big rides weren't up yet. Rankin was off the lot and Evie was back in the trailer; I could hear her washing dishes. I slid the screen door aside and then I had her in my arms. Her eyes were big and scared at first but then they softened and a film seemed to come over them. Her body got softer against mine. She said, almost sleepy, "Honey—if he catches us he'll never believe we never done nothing wrong. I ain't afraid of taking my whipping. But he might kill you just out of orneriness."

I got so crazy-mad I let go of her. "You looky here, girl—he's only a man. He's got no dog collar and chain on you. All you got to do is walk out. If he wants to fight me for you I'll fight him, fists, guns, knives, anything he wants."

She looked down at her hands. "I can't go."

I grabbed her again, shaking her. "You got to, Evie. I got enough money to get us home—to my home. I got folks. I mean, we'll get married."

She was shaking like she was having a chill. Then I could tell by her face that Rankin was outside.

When he stepped in I was sitting down in a chair, looking at a magazine. The first place he looked was down to the other end of the trailer where the bed was. There wasn't a wrinkle in the coverlet. Then his eyes struck into me and I looked back at him. But he had something else on his mind.

"Come on, Slim—get a gunny sack. We'll use your truck. We got to get the anaconda into the sack and down to that waterhole they call Mermaid Springs."

It was a job, easing that snake into a sack but we done it and carried her out to my truck.

When we got near the spring I saw that they had a bathing beach and these boats with a well in the bottom and windows so the people could look out under the water. "The newsreel camera is mounted in that submarine cruise boat," Rankin told me. "But pull off the road right here a minute. I got to throw in the gaff. Hell, if I was to let this damn thing loose in that spring she'd take off like a streak downriver; we'd never see her again. And if I grabbed her she'd have her teeth in me and a couple of coils around me. Well, we're just going to fix this my way." He was breathing hard and the sweat was standing out on his foreehad. "Go on, open the sack and reach in—grab her by the neck and just pull the head out. Keep it pressed down to the floor."

I didn't know what he was going to do yet so I felt inside and got her by the neck; I drew her head out like he said.

"Now you sit tight on top that sack; all hell is going to break loose around here for a minute."

Then I got it. He had brought a change of clothes rolled up and from it he took a hammer with the head wrapped in rags to pad it a little. "I got to soften her up a little, Slim. Hang on to that neck and don't let her get away from you. . . . She's got to be as good as dead when she goes into the water. . . ."

I drew a deep breath. "I can't let you do it, Ed."

(*turn over*)

He stood over me, breathing hard, his eyes glinting. "You can't . . . *what?*"

My lips were so stiff I had trouble forcing the words out. Partly I was mad and partly ashamed for being so chicken about a snake. "You . . . you ain't going to beat the head off this snake just for some moving pictures," I said. "I don't care if it does belong to you. It's a live thing. You got no right to maim it if it ain't hurting you none."

He said, low and quiet, "You idiotic turkey-neck bastard—get out of the way, I'll hold her down myself." He made a swing with the hammer. I threw myself in the way and took it on the shoulder. The shoulder seemed to catch fire. Then I let go of the snake's head and grabbed for the hammer. We stood up, swaying back and forth. Then I knew I was in for it. He was a lot stronger than I was and he was mean-mad.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the anaconda flowing out of the sack, heading for the doors of the truck, the open and the river. The fellows down by the sightseeing boat started hollering. Then I didn't have time to notice anything more. Rankin dropped the hammer. He grabbed my arm and dragged me out of sight of the people at the spring, behind some bushes. I went pinwheeling over his back and landed hard in the dirt. He grabbed me by the shirt and hauled me to my feet. I aimed a left jab at his face but it was like trying to box a buzz saw. His hands came at me from a dozen different places at once. I could feel my eyebrows break and the blood running in my eyes. He grabbed me by the neck and hoisted me up and this time he landed smack in my face with his knuckles. I felt the bridge of my nose crumple in a blaze of stars.

Then I felt cold and black spreading out from my midriff. I fell forward and he rammed his right into my face again; I felt my front teeth give way under it. That was the last thing I remembered.

It was dark or else my eyes were swollen shut. A great bell was ringing, but not ringing noise, ringing pain with every pump of my heart. I tried to open my eyes but it was no go. Then I felt something cool and smooth slipping around my neck. I struggled to get out of it. I figured the anaconda was around my neck, two coils. I moaned and my whole head felt like it was coming off. Then a voice, sweet and honey-soft said to me, "Don't take on, honey. Just lie still." It was Evie's voice. The cool, smooth things were her arms.

"Where's he at?" I said, so hoarse I couldn't recognize my own voice.

"He's gone, honey. The law was looking for him. For letting the snake loose. It headed straight for the river and out of sight. For that and for trying to kill you."

"Where . . . where are we?"

"In your truck. I drove it up a side road a piece. The law was going to take you in to the hospital as a witness. I reckoned I could nurse you better myself."

It was heaven and hell all mixed up, being in her arms. Then I thought of something. "Evie—I'll get your clothes all bloody."

She was rocking me like a baby. "No you won't honey. I took 'em off. If I'm your woman being naked don't count."

∞

THE DUDE

"I'm sure glad I don't have to carry you over any more thresholds today!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARVIN WELLEN

CLARE'S PARTY

Scott Weldon, *girl author, shows her many other virtues on the following pages*

Malice is a girl's best friend . . .

and the more luscious they are—

the swifter they slice

For over two years—actually close on three, if I remember correctly—Clare Stevens and I have been teaching each other the finer aspects of eating crow. What I mean is, we've been the most intimate of friends and, at the same time, the deadliest of enemies. I know it's rather confusing, but it's the sort of back-fence back-biting, women thrive on. When the men aren't around, of course. In my small, limpid, 23 caressing years, I've found them much too exhilarating in many other ways to ever make war on them with words. Which is why I jumped at Clare's invitation a few weeks ago. All those nice shoulders I knew would be there!

"A housewarming," I cooed, "how ducky . . . ducky! Who are you burning?"

"Wear an inflammable dress, darling, double your insurance and come see," she oozed back.

"Didn't know you moved, sweetie," I countered, as my tongue began to purr. "What was wrong with your old stand at the corner of 57th and 5th?"

A pause, and then: "The traffic was re-routed. *Your* way . . . Besides—I have a new job!"

"How nice! Why? Did your license expire?"

"No. I felt I was in danger of becoming an institution. Like you."

"Let's see now," I said, pausing for the sweet taste of acid to build up again, "that's three for Clare Stevens and three for Mary Dawn. Almost par for the course. Tell it to me straight."

"Well, darling," she simpered (hateful tone!) "I've become fashion consultant for *Lady* Magazine!"

I boiled. A little jampot of a job if I ever heard one.

"I didn't quite get the first word, darling."

"Lady," she repeated—all unsuspecting and exposed.

"What did you do, darling? Fake it?"

There was the tiniest edge of a pause as she completely wiped me on the floor with: "Why don't you take an oath, Mary, and think only beautiful thoughts?"

I countered lamely with something like "Circuit-riding isn't in my orbit," but I had hit bottom and I knew it.

Nonetheless, it was delightful. And I told her so, adding that I *did* think only *lovely* things about *her*. That I was certain beneath that tin exterior beat a heart of the purest platinum . . . and steel. And didn't give her a chance. Just hung up and jumped into a cold tub to calm down.

I stayed there a long time.

The night of the party I wore a simple (hah!) red sheath. And ankled it by cab—alone. There's nothing worse than an over-possessive escort when you want to wander. And *noone* was going to stand in my way. (Amazing how many men continue to accept the good-old sick-headache.)

Back of my head though was still that little nagging suspicion that Clare was up to no good. I tried to reason it out in the cab—the fact of her invitation, that is. Did she invite me because:

a) she thought all her new clothes might show me up?
answer: Dawn—you've got more curves than the Burma Road!

b) she had hooked someone with shoulders, shoulders, shoulders?
answer: Well—I could always counter with George, and Larry, and Steve and Lou and. . . .

c) her apartment was the outer, ultimate end?
answer: Aha! . . . might be!

It was a very good address in the East Sixties. And the doorman was quite discreet-looking. Even a bit suave. So too the elevator boy. Unfortunately, he seemed more interested in watching the call-lights than the blush-red sequins on my dress. I despised him immediately.

I pressed her buzzer, moistened my lips, sort of relaxed into a . . . well, you know . . . waiting-for-anyone, unlit-cigarette sort of slump, and waited.

"Darling!" Clare squealed as the door opened, and threw herself into my arms. "That dress clings to you like a swimmer to a life-raft!"

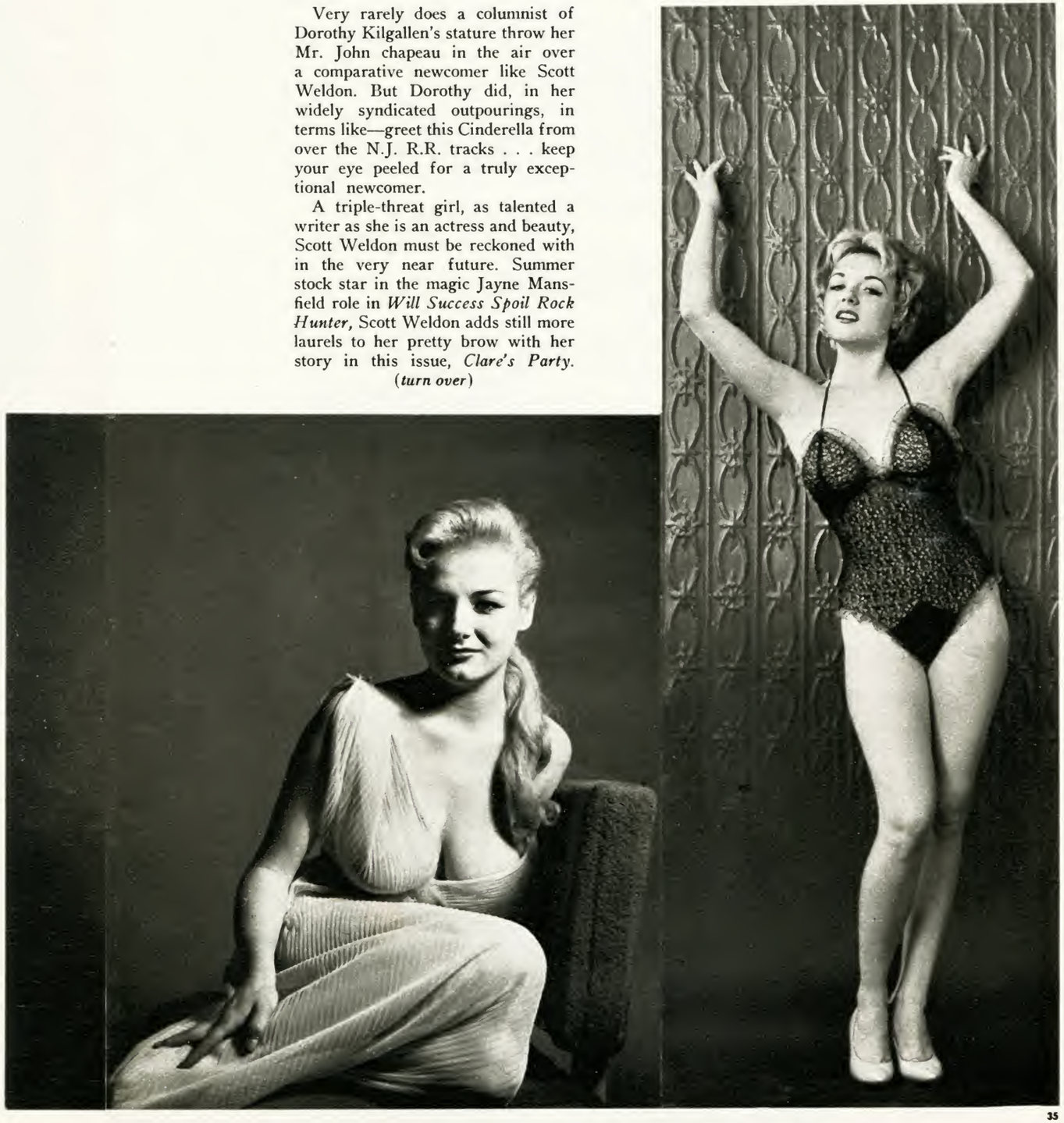
(*turn to page* 38)

HERSELF, SURPRISED!

Very rarely does a columnist of Dorothy Kilgallen's stature throw her Mr. John chapeau in the air over a comparative newcomer like Scott Weldon. But Dorothy did, in her widely syndicated outpourings, in terms like—greet this Cinderella from over the N.J. R.R. tracks . . . keep your eye peeled for a truly exceptional newcomer.

A triple-threat girl, as talented a writer as she is an actress and beauty, Scott Weldon must be reckoned with in the very near future. Summer stock star in the magic Jayne Mansfield role in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter,* Scott Weldon adds still more laurels to her pretty brow with her story in this issue, *Clare's Party.*

(*turn over*)



Having read it (page 33), you're in a better position to understand Miss Kilgallen's enthusiasm.

Regard the photographs of Miss Weldon and you'll see why the current stable of glamor girls have a tendency to glance over their shoulders nervously whenever Miss Weldon's name is mentioned. You'll also comprehend why even the most calloused of photographers throw their battered caps in the air when they focus on Scott's more than adequate physique. . . .

See her on stage and you'll better appreciate why the bustier of Broadway's ingenues have a tendency to take a deep breath whenever they hear S.W.'s initials mentioned over an extra-dry Martini.

Take her all in all—and who wouldn't?—and you'll understand why *The Dude* thinks he can safely predict nothing but good things for this girl who obviously has more than her share of the good things in life. . . .

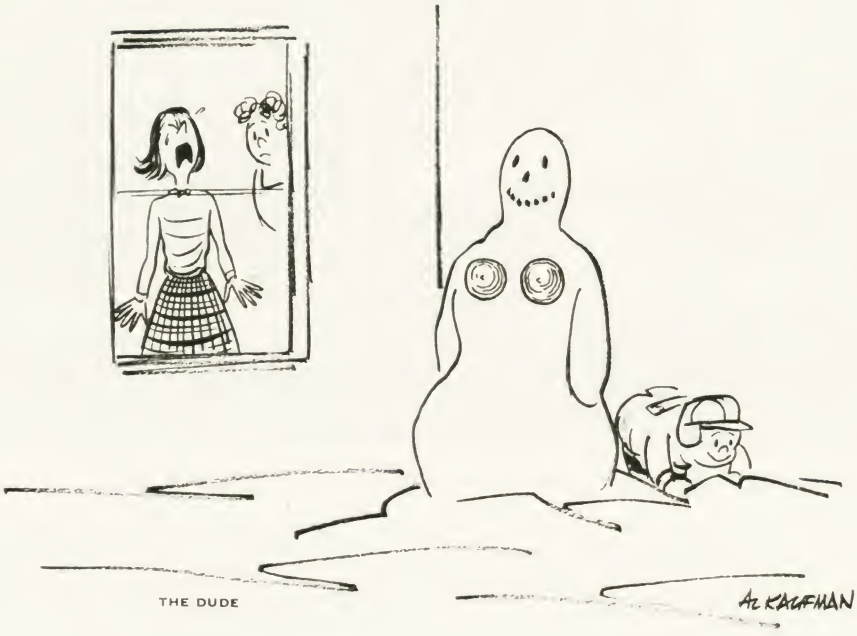
The good things in life being those things that you revere as worthy. . . .

And this is all to show, that the girl hooked us with an eyelash. And we're still quivering. And our wives don't like it, and our gal-friends don't like.

But we do. We like it fine.

Don't you?

Triple-threat girl makes good—all over the place!



CLARE'S PARTY

(*continued from page* 33)

"And your eyes, dear Clare . . . are the *loveliest* shade of green," I thought through my smile.

I shrugged off my little old sables and dutifully, girlishly, took her hot little hostess-hands and walked with her into the very large, very modern, very elegant living room.

I should have stayed in my slouch. Oh my! Oh my oh my! Clare had really done it! If there was a man in the room he would have been in great danger of being raped. All those lisps! All those snapped wrists! All those Edwardian simpers!

"What did you do with their wings, dear, sweet, ever-loving Clare? Clip or manicure them at the door?" I snarled.

"Mary, pet—you're all wrong. They're simply business associates! The party's young! There'll be others," she good-naturedly cozened.

"I think you've got quite enough already. What do you call them? Fringe benefits?" I was not in the least bit mollified!

But by then, I was being introduced to all of them. All of those little Billy Business-Worlds. "My God," I thought, "half of Madison Avenue will have hangovers tomorrow."

The crew-cutted crew of males (or should I say fales?) thought my dress was just *divine* and asked was I really Mary Dawn, the actress?

And one of them told me the story about the two gay boys on the bridge. (One of them points to the river and says "Oh look, darling! A *ferry* boat!" And the other squeals: "Well, I knew we were *organized*—but I didn't think we had a *navy!*") An old story.

I was on my third martini when it happened. Same as always. I sort of get . . . dreamy and . . . langourous and look at the little olive there and let my mind wander to my dream-man. (I described him once to Clare. A silly thing to do. Since then, she's managed to swipe anyone who even remotely looks like him.)

But, to get back—there he was, right in that martini, jumping out like Aladdin's giant. Tall, big-shouldered, craggy-faced. Tweeds and the feeling of pipes and slippers and hunting dogs. He smiles at me from his great height. My breath begins to get short. He sees me already passionate, and takes me in those huge arms—his lips and tongue at my neck and shoulders. I feel weak. My brain swims. And he's all hands and movement and strong legs pressing against mine. We tumble on the couch . . . I lie back . . . Soon he's there, the lights lowered and. . . .

There was the knife-edge voice of Clare, breaking through my revery. Damn her! But then I looked at what she was leading to me. MY MAN! That strong-shouldered hunk of dream-muscle! I choked. Nothing would come. Not one blessed word. Just this wide-mouthed gape of disbelief on my face, my eyes as large as full moons.

"Scott, darling. You must meet Johnny Hawks. He's *just* your type!"

Still nothing came, as we both smiled and smiled, and all of me swelled against my dress. That craggy face! Those shoulders! That height!

Still wordless, I handed him my near-empty glass. In a flash he was back, still as tall, still as irresistible. When our fingers touched over my new martini, I nearly barked, I was so bewitched!

And then he broke the silence.

"I jutht wanted to tell you Mith Dawn, that you're wearing the motht divine thade of red and . . ."

Clare roared with laughter.

I am told that I threw that martini right in her spiteful little face.

But don't get me wrong. Clare Stevens *is* my dearest friend. And I can't wait to invite her to *my* new apartment!

MISS DUDE MAKES THE SCENE

every part of colleen farrington has a meaning . . . all her own

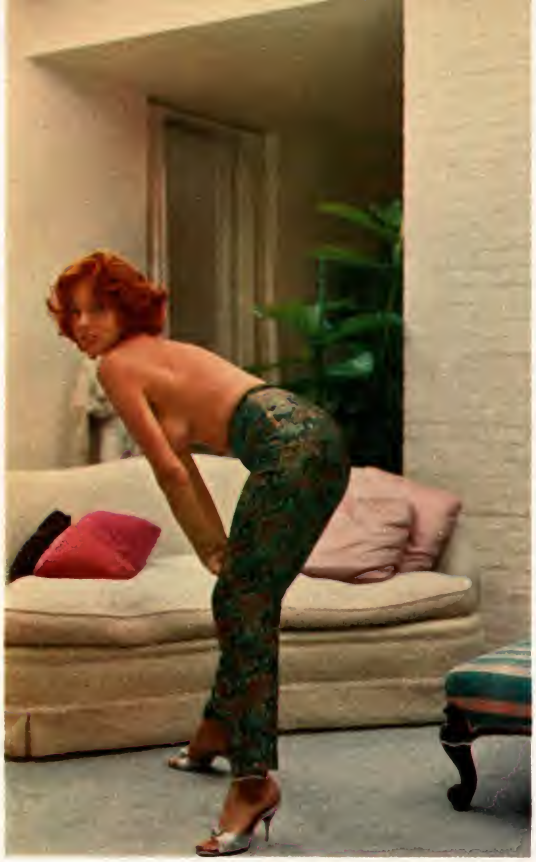
Heaven's just a girl like Colleen! She can torch! She can act, don't miss her as the star of an up-coming movie (whose title, once it is decided on—we'll be the first to let you know). She's at home beside a pool! She's at home in a plush boîte nibbling your oysters and purring some blues song in your ear. Colleen is Lordsburg, New Mexico's 20-year-old Irish, French and Blackfoot gift to *Dude*. And she easily outdistanced all our other candidates by the spicy variety of her talents, promptly setting the better part of New York night-life gasping for air in her week of pleasure and gaiety.

Desi, *maitre d'* at the very stomach-warming and popular Greenwich Village eatery, The Steak Joint, was unusually solicitous with Colleen. Blame him?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERB FLATOW

(Top) And what do you need for romance but the violins at the Club Romance, New York's heady Old World dining and wining club?

(Left) Colleen turned on her charm for Irving Wexler genial host of the elegant Murray Hill boîte, The Town House.



Any apartment—even one as large as this—would seem full to bursting with a colleen like Colleen.

Colleen is not exactly our idea

Night after night, the high-stepping brisk-talking and intoxicating Colleen, made merry in the swirling cafes of New York. Here she is at one of the newest and most popular eateries, the Fontana de Trevi, fashioned after famous Ristorante de Mei in Rome, and run by none other than Sr. Armando Mei himself!

Oleg Cassini, famous dress designer, toasted Colleen with Burgundy and tossed coins with her in a replica of the renowned fountain in Rome.

of a quiet weekend at home.

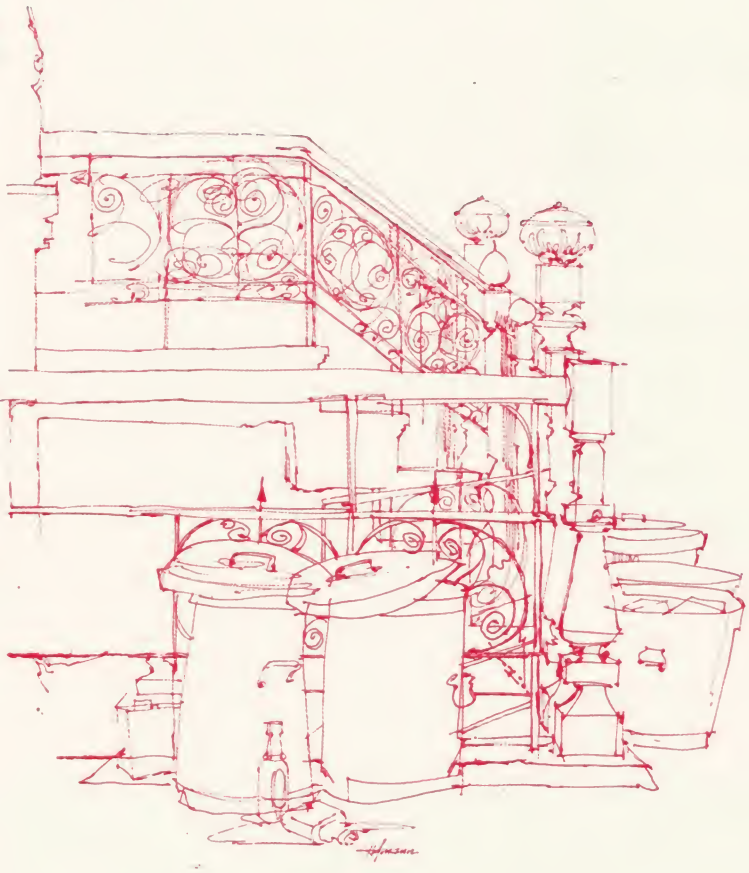
At Julius Monks' Upstairs Room, Colleen's voice began to rise over the soft combo. And they listened. And her escort listened. And are you listening?

(Below) **When she stepped into Goldie's New York, Louie Goldie Hawkins himself put her beside the piano and the two went into "St. Louis Woman."**

But, come to think of it, a restful weekend may not be what you were after in the first place. That is, there are other fillips besides sleep and vitamins. Well—answer the girl!

fiction . . . CHARLES JACKSON

THE SLEEPER AWAKENED



ILLUSTRATED BY BILL HOFMANN

A good half-hour ago Mildred passed through the preliminary yawning stage and now she was nodding outright and even falling asleep over her book. Every few minutes she realized with a start that her head had dropped and her eyes had closed. Abruptly, then, she pulled herself together and concentrated on the pages; but each time she had to go back a paragraph or two, for she had lost or forgotten the sense of it. When she heard the ten-forty train go through, shaking the small frame house like a tornado, she put the book aside, took off her glasses, and rubbed her eyes. Okay, she told herself, I've done my part, certainly I've tired myself out by now, tonight I'll really sleep. She got to her feet, but unsteadily; she turned out the living room lights and stepped into the front hall to see if the night light had been left on for Mr. Menzies, who was still out; then she went down the short hallway to her bedroom in the back of the house that looked out on the New York Central yards below and sleepily undressed. It was sheer heaven, it was like the promise of a blessing long withheld, to see her neat, small, comfortable bed and to know that in another minute she would be stretched out, at rest at last, under the light blanket, on the new air-foam pillow she had recently bought herself against these difficult nights. But of course the same old thing happened, the same as ever: settled down and comfortable or sleepy or not, she realized again almost at once that she was due to spend the next hour or two sleepless, restless, hotly impatient, till Mr. Menzies should finally come in. Heaven knew when, and go to bed himself in the small room, identical with hers, that adjoined her bedroom over the tracks. Mildred was twenty-four. A little more than a year ago she had come to town to get a job and live with her oldest sister and her sister's husband, Alice and Sam. She had found a job—or, as she wrote home, "accepted a position"—with the Bowen Packing Company; and thanks to her adequate salary she was able

(turn over)

Before you blame Mildred for her night-thoughts, bear in mind the things you *brood about just before* your *eye-lids close . . .*

to pay for her room and board with Alice, who also rented a room to Mr. Menzies to augment the earnings of her husband. She still had almost no friends in the town and didn't want any.

Sometimes she told herself that this was because of Alice and Sam; she needed no company besides theirs. Sometimes she thought it was because she could not see herself going out with any of the girls or young men she worked with; really common they were. To help out with the housework, she often gave Alice a hand on Saturday mornings; and one of her few duties was the very small one of picking up Mr. Menzies' room once a week.

He was a large, husky man in his early thirties who looked as if he sweated a good deal, but he was extremely neat and clean and took a bath more than was strictly necessary, perhaps, even for such a vigorous man. The work was light because he himself took such good care of his room and because it was on the same floor as her own. Alice and Sam slept upstairs, in the one bedroom on the second floor. All this was fine; she didn't mind the extra work on Saturday morning, she enjoyed living with her sister and had grown very fond of her nice room. The real hitch, the one drawback—though she had only seen him three or four times at the most, and goodness knows didn't want to see any more of him—was Mr. Menzies.

Mr. Menzies worked in the shipping department at the paper mill. He came home every afternoon a little after five and took a bath; and by supper-time, changed into a sober suit, he was on his way out again. He ate regularly at the Star Restaurant, but that was by no means the extent of his evening. From there, he went out on the town.

What Mr. Menzies did between the time he finished supper at six-thirty or seven and midnight or later, when he same back and went to bed, was anybody's guess. Perhaps he did nothing more than pass the hours in one of the beer joints; maybe he even had a girl somewhere; but that was not the point. Mildred didn't give a hoot what he did with his evenings and certainly she didn't want to know; all she cared about—and lately she had come to hope for it desperately—was that Mr. Menzies would come home at a decent hour and go to bed so that she herself could get some sleep. For she had learned bitterly, after some months now, that she could not get a wink of sleep till Mr. Menzies was finally in bed himself and settled down for the night.

Oddly enough, other sounds did not bother her. She had grown used to the intermittent uproar in the railroad yards below her open windows, as freight cars were shuttled about or passenger trains roared through without a stop, with a shriek of whistles; she was undisturbed by the occasional singing as drunken revelers passed the house late at night, on their way home; and the heavy rumble of long-distance trailer trucks that jarred the frame-house almost as much as the fast trains, she scarcely noticed any more.

These were disturbances, if they could even be called such, that were more or less constant and that, when you came right down to it, nobody was to blame for, really. What did bother her—to the point of exasperation and even anger, so that she became more apprehensive, more sleepless, as the time passed—was that she never knew when she would hear the sound of Mr. Menzies unlocking the front door, followed by his quiet tread along the hall as he passed her room. It might be the next minute or two, it might not be for another couple of hours. And then all those other small sounds he made as he prepared for bed, so faint that she could scarcely hear them and often had to raise her head from the pillow, leaning on her elbow, to hear them at all: the tip-toeing about, the creak of the wardrobe door as he hung away his good suit, the careful opening and shutting of the dresser drawers, the raising of the window and, most infuriating of all, the sounds he made in the bathroom. At length, if she listened very intently, there was the tiny click as Mr. Menzies turned off his light and settled down for sleep and so, finally, did she.

Like herself, Mr. Menzies did not work on Saturday; and it was during the half-hour or so when he was out for breakfast that Mildred hurried into his room to pick up. She did not touch his bed—that, she refused to do; but she did tidy up before Alice came in to change the sheets each weekend. Sometimes she found his shorts of the evening before lying in the chair where he had dropped them; she never found an undershirt, and she puzzled over this, wondering if Mr. Menzies had that filthy habit, like some men she had heard of, of wearing no undershirt at all. She picked up the shorts between thumb and forefinger and dropped them into the wicker hamper. And sometimes, though very rarely (for he was a fastidious man and did not often leave such things lying about), she found a pair of Mr. Menzies' black socks, with garters still attached, lying on the floor beside his black shoes. These she dealt with as she had dealt with the other soiled garments, but they caused her even more distaste than the shorts. How deeply they disgusted her came out one day in a small altercation she had with her sister.

Alice seldom mentioned Mr. Menzies at all. He was an ideal roomer who came and went about his own business, so discreetly, if mysteriously, that their paths seldom crossed. But for some reason or other, in speaking of him on this occasion, she had happened to say, with a laugh:

"Mr. Menzies is the kind of beefy type who looks like his socks were high, you know what I mean?"

Stung, Mildred had retorted: "Really, Alice! You don't need to be nasty!"

(*turn to page* 59)

satire . . . **WILLARD MANUS**

It was Indian summer when Myrtle MacTavish returned to Payoff Place. She had always loved New England at this time of year. At a young, sensitive age she had thought of Indian summer as a war-painted squaw squatting on the roadside selling beaded belts to tourists on their way home from Cape Cod. But now Myrtle had no thoughts of Indian summer or beaded belts or being sensitive. She was a very unhappy girl. She was experiencing a torment so horrible, so crippling, that it left her unable to carry her copy of *Writer's Marketplace* from the train station to her home.

She'd been away from Payoff Place for two years. She'd quit high school in her freshman year and gone off to New York, where she'd lived with a girl named Butch and tried to write a novel about Payoff Place that would sell to Hollywood. But her novel had not been sold to Hollywood. It had not even been published. And how hard she had dreamed of fifth and sixth editions and reprint rights and foreign translations! But Lannie Gordon, her literary agent, had given her the honest criticism she'd needed.

"Myrt, darling," he'd said, "your work is very precocious. If you had been born in France, or at least drove racing cars, I could sell the book overnight. But as it stands, your love scenes are very weak and unconvincing. I suggest that you lead a life of passion for a while," he said in a sensual whisper and put his hand on her thigh. "It will make a better writer of you."

She had fallen in love with Lannie. He was so worldly, so sophisticated, so mature, she thought now, sunk in her swamp of sorrow. Oh, I love you, Lannie, she wept, remembering everything about him: his silken white hair, his beautiful stooped shoulders, his kindly wrinkled face, his lovely black truss. Oh Lannie, why didn't you tell me you were a grandfather and unable to marry me, she cried out in anguish. Why did you let me fall in love with you? Why couldn't you sell my novel to Hollywood? What happened to me?

Myrtle walked into the red and white cottage that had been her childhood home. Her mother and her stepfather were making love on the floor of the living room.

"Hello," Myrtle said, "I'm home."

"Hello, darling," said her mother, "we'll be with you in a little while. Mix yourself a drink."

Turning away from their undulating bodies, Myrtle went back out into the golden light of the day. She knew now that she had lost her mother to her stepfather for good. Evidently her recent marriage to George the Turk, who taught Romance Languages in the high school, agreed

(*turn to page* 70)

In which a talented satirist casts an understandably jaundiced eye over the current literary love scene with some special acid reserved for writers who dig up their own grist for the mill . . .

3+1 MAN = PAYOFF PLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOAN GOODRICH

"Cynthia . . . let's neck!"

Top drivers run for cars in famous Le Mans type start at Sea Burn.

PHOTOGRAPHY/DAN RUBIN

ARTICLE/J. E. PENNYBACKER

GO

SEBRING SPELLS SPEED . . .

Heat waves shimmered on runway surfaces as the hot, morning sun of Florida beat down. Every degree of temperature meant increased tire wear in the forthcoming 12-hour endurance classic. Unless a wind came up to cool the track, pit-stops might tell the story. Slowly, the marked positions

(*turn over*)

in front of the pits began filling with the cream of the world's fastest automobiles. America's one and only race of international import, the Florida International 12-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance for the Amoco Trophy, was getting close.

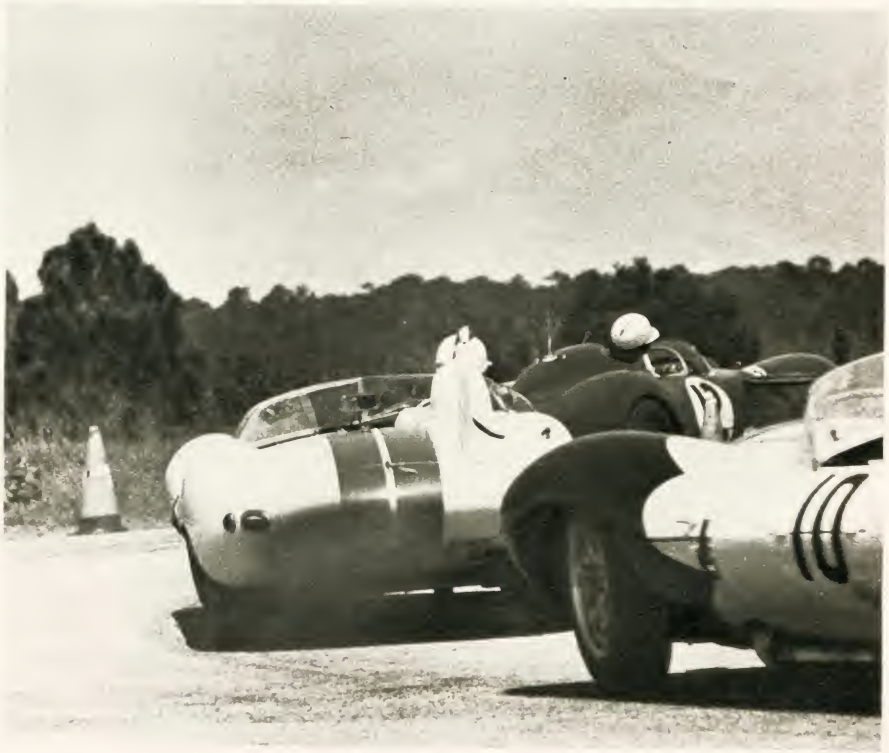
In pre-race discussions, five cars were mentioned as possible winners. The natural favorite was the new and relatively untested 4.5 liter Maserati to be driven by World's Champion Juan Manuel Fangio of Argentina and France's Jean Behra. Speed, the car had. Endurance to go 12 hours; that was the question.

The sentimental favorite to score an upset victory was the spanking new Corvette Super-Sports to be driven by John Fitch of Stamford, Conn., and Italy's "Silver Fox," Piero Taruffi. With a fuel-injected engine of 4.6 liters, the latest type of space frame, de Dion rear suspension, and weight-saving magnesium bodywork, the blue SS was the first true sports-racing car ever produced by a major American company. The main drawback was Chevrolet's racing inexperience.

Stirling Moss of England, with co-driver Harry Schell of the United States and France, was among the favorites with his three-liter Maserati because of his tremendous driving ability and the fact that he had won once before.

(*turn to page* 52)

Two D type Jags follow closely on heels of Portago's Ferrari.



(Above) Sterling Morse of Great Britain calmly drives his Maserati through right-left turns after warehouse straight. (Above right) Aerial view of start-finish line and paddock area. (Right) Jean Behra, co-driver with Fangio, jockeys winning Maserati through the "S's."

Photographer Danny Rubin really needed that scooter to scoop the competition.

D type Jag flies past an unlucky driver on the right-left turns.

Doc Wilie pushes his car back to pits.

The D-type Jaguars had always proved threats in long runs, and the new fuel injection 3.8 liter model to be driven by Britons Mike Hawthorne and Ivor Bueb was high in the betting. Hawthorne and Bueb had won at Le Mans in a D-type in 1955.

A fifth faction favored the new 3.8 liter Ferrari to come through, although no one driver combination seemed to get more votes than another.

Just before the flag fell and the drivers sprinted across the track to their cars, the manager of the Maserati team led a young American driver over to Juan Fangio.

"Maestro," he said, "This young man owns one of our cars. Could you give him a hint or two on your technique for the Sebring course?"

"There on the floor," said the Maestro, "is the throttle. It is to make you go. Next to it is the brake. That is to make you stop. If you push the throttle you will win. If you push the brake you will not." With that, Juan Fangio strolled away.

A little over 12 hours later, Fangio and Jean Behra had pushed the right pedal to win everything in sight with an ease that seemed almost contemptuous. They had covered 1,024.4 miles in 197 laps, breaking the old record. They had averaged 85.45 miles per hour for the distance, and had in the process set a new absolute lap record early in the race, of 3 minutes, 24.5 seconds.

Strangely enough, with the exception of the SS Corvette, the pre-race choices all finished among the leaders. Moss and Schell in the smaller Maserati finished second, two laps behind the winners Hawthorne and Bueb, despite the D-Jag's refusal to run according to specifications, finished in third position, four laps off the pace. Masten Gregory of Kansas City and Lou Brero of Arcadia, California were first among the Ferrari finishers, lapping 193 times to come in just behind the Jag. Back in sixth place were Collins and Trintignant, while a twin Ferrari driven by Spain's hell-for-leather Alfonso du Portago and his only slightly more subdued Italian partner Luigi Musso finished a lap behind. Eighth and ninth places overall were taken by the extraordinarily reliable Porsche Spyders.

The 12-Hours developed along classic lines. Ferrari sent Peter Col-

Jag mechanics feverishly work to replace entry in race.

Jet-pilot Gil Geitner with "new look."

Jean Behra and Manuel Fangio receive Amoco trophy from Mr. Smith, president of American Oil Company.

lins out with instructions to floorboard in order to build up a commanding lead or entice the Maseratis into a chase that would blow up their engines. The trouble was, it wasn't the Maseratis' day to blow. Behra took up the challenge in the first hour and slowly closed the gap. The race was still in its infancy when Collins had to wave the inexorable Behra ahead.

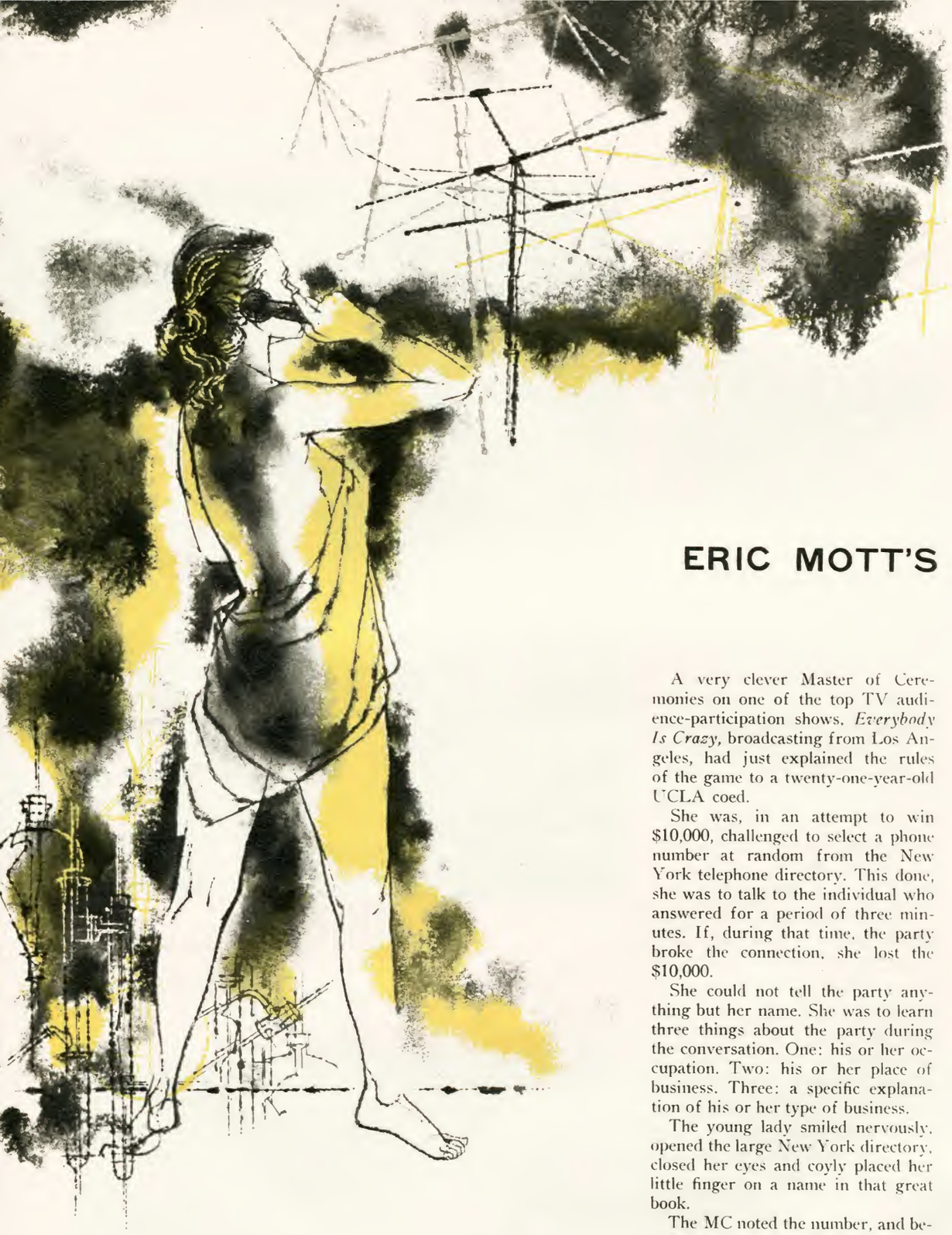
Moss and Schell, meantime, were driving conservatively, saving their three-liter Mase but staying close enough to move if necessary. The only real competition for them came late in the race when Hawthorne and Bueb finally made an all-out effort, moving at one point into second place.

Time after time, one of the Bristols or a Healey would flash past a TR 3 on the straight, only to be caught and passed in a bend as the Triumph's beautiful disc brakes allowed them to be driven deeper into the curve.

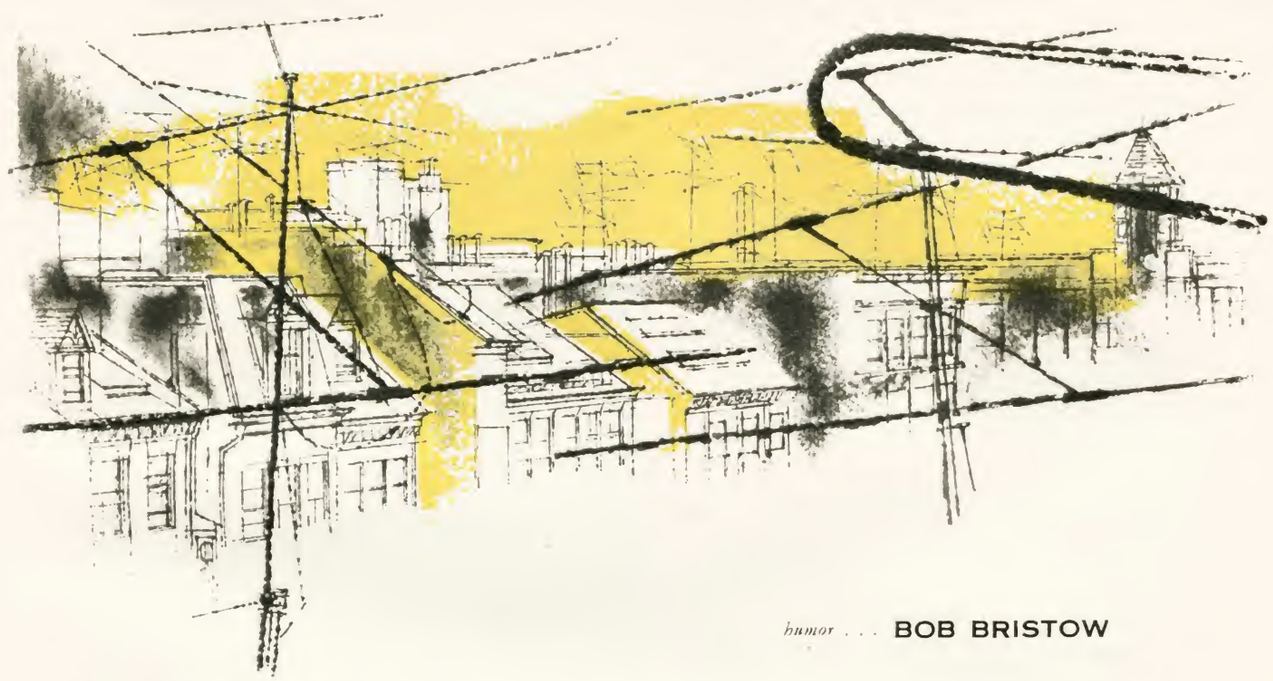
The next important endurance event is the grand-daddy of them all, and perhaps Corvette will successfully carry the American colors to Le Mans, the circuit where Briggs Cunningham in past years made of his failure to win a synonym for gallantry.

Dave Ash, Gus Ehrman in M.G. making fast pit-stop.

The late Marquis Du Portago negotiates sharp hairpin with élan that was characteristic of this great driver.



ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BERTELLI



ERIC MOTT'S TV DEBUT

humor . . . BOB BRISTOW

A very clever Master of Ceremonies on one of the top TV audience-participation shows, *Everybody Is Crazy,* broadcasting from Los Angeles, had just explained the rules of the game to a twenty-one-year-old UCLA coed.

She was, in an attempt to win $10,000, challenged to select a phone number at random from the New York telephone directory. This done, she was to talk to the individual who answered for a period of three minutes. If, during that time, the party broke the connection, she lost the $10,000.

She could not tell the party anything but her name. She was to learn three things about the party during the conversation. One: his or her occupation. Two: his or her place of business. Three: a specific explanation of his or her type of business.

The young lady smiled nervously, opened the large New York directory, closed her eyes and coyly placed her little finger on a name in that great book.

The MC noted the number, and because the coy young lady was nervous, himself gave the number to the waiting New York operator. The phone rang. And rang all over America on the TV sets tuned to the program.

Dr. Eadie Jones, the psychiatrist Eric had consulted upon his return to New York, smiled happily. She had just assumed the position necessary to execute the Hydrogen Bomb. She was nicely tanned and her arms and legs were lithe and graceful. She was, to put it mildly, breathtaking.

Eric was feeling very well because Eadie had made use of her medical knowledge by providing him with a special vitamin which he drank with gin. He was not exhausted anymore.

"Go man," Eadie said huskily. "Go."

Eric started to go. *The phone rang.* He craned his neck to see Eadie clearly.

"Are you expecting a call?" he asked politely.

"No . . . of course not."

"Oh . . . well, good." Eric returned to the activities of the Hydrogen Bomb The telephone continued to ring.

Eadie paused and asked, "Are you expecting a call?"

"Not yet."

"Are you going to answer it?"

"I don't think so." Eric resumed.

The phone rang persistently.

Eadie sighed at last. "Eric, answer it," she said.

"I can't reach it. Can you?"

"No, idiot. We'll have to . . ."

"Oh . . ." Eric considered this a moment. "Let's just let it go."

"Answer, Eric . . . it might be important. Besides—it's disturbing."

"Well," Eric said with as much of a shrug as was possible, "We'll have to disarm the bomb. I've never tried it before. We may be killed."

Eric stretched and at last reached the phone on the table near them. Eadie was beside him, pointing her toes above her, studying the curve of her legs.

"Hello," Eric said, breathlessly.

"Hello, Mr. Mott. This is Sara Thomas in Los Angeles, and please don't hang up because I must talk to you."

Eric tried to remember about his trip to California. He couldn't recall being mixed up with any Sara Thomas at all. But the way those people drank, maybe . . . "Do I know you?" Eric asked.

(turn over)

The Hydrogen Bomb gets unsexpurgated reportage on channel . . .

"Well . . . please don't hang up . . . not exactly."

"I'm not going to hang up. It nearly killed me answering this thing, Miss . . . it is Miss?" Eric prayed.

"Yes . . ." coyly.

"What do you want, Miss Thomas?"

"I just want to talk to you. Just for a few minutes."

Eric partially covered the phone and spoke to Eadie. "Do you have a patient named Sara Thomas in California?"

"No," Eadie answered, "no patient."

"Oh . . . I'm not a patient or anything," Sara said, overhearing.

"Then you should be," Eric said. "Talk to this woman," he said to Eadie, "she must be demented."

"No, no, no, no, no! . . . Mr. Mott are you still there?" the telephone cried.

"Egad!" Eric said.

"I just want to talk to you. Just you. And please don't hang up."

Eric partially covered the phone again, noticing Eadie's legs pointing at the ceiling. "Very nice indeed," he commented. "Goodbye," he said to the phone, watching Eadie's legs on display.

"No . . . *Please!* I wanted to ask you some questions," the voice said. "This is very serious."

"Very well, Miss Thomas. You are spending a great deal of money and you have interrupted me in my work and so you . . ."

"Your work . . . *yes!* Yes, that's one of them. What is your occupation?"

Eric heard a short tone in his ear, aware suddenly that he had been hearing it every few seconds for some time.

"My occupation?" he asked. Eadie was growing impatient and had begun the annoying practice of chewing on his ear. The one not on the telephone. "I'm a scientist. Goodbye," he said.

The young woman screamed.

"What was that?" Eadie asked.

Eric covered the phone. "I think she was goosed."

He heard very subdued laughter coming from the phone. The young lady with the coy voice gasped. "Ha ha," she said nervously across the continent.

"Ha ha," Eric said, "and may good things always be yours. Goodb. . . ."

"Please!" the woman cried. "Wait . . . wait, wait, wait a few moments. What kind of a scientist are you?"

"Ha ha," Eric said growing impatient, also disturbed by the things that Eadie was doing to his free ear. "I make Hydrogen Bombs," he said laughing.

"Ha ha," the woman said, "that must be interesting."

"Yes. . . ." Eric laughed because Eadie was running her fingers over his chest and he was horribly ticklish. "In fact, I was making one when you called."

"Oh!" happily. "You make the bomb there?"

"Yes, I was already. . ."

"At your apartment? That's your place of business? That's two. I've got two of them. Oh . . . oh. . . ." the voice said ecstatically.

"Child, are you insane?" Eric asked.

"No . . . Oh, excuse me. I was thinking. You are a scientist and you make hydrogen bombs right there in your apartment. And. . . ." There was a very long pause. "Are you serious, Mr. Mott? You mustn't kid me. This is serious."

"You asked me. I told you. Ha ha . . . Eadie stop that . . . Miss, I was very busy when . . . ha ha ah. . . . Eadie, you're driving me crazy."

"Mr. Mott, are you speaking to me?"

"Yes, but I can't understand why. You are keeping me from my work. And if you could see my work, you would hardly delay me."

"Oh . . ." very coyly. "I just know it's very important."

"To me it is," Eric said trying to hold Eadie's hand still with his arm. Failing, he laughed. One long shattering laugh, which for some reason, amused Eadie because she too began to laugh. They laughed together and the voice cried out in anguish.

"Mr. Mott . . . please . . . oh, I'm ill. I'm going to faint."

Eric stopped laughing. "Very well. Hang up and put your head below your knees. You do it and you'll feel much, much better.

"Mr. Mott . . . you're teasing me." Again coy. "Now I don't suppose you could tell me about the Hydrogen Bomb, could you? I mean, I guess that's all very secret and the government wouldn't allow you to talk about it and that's not my fault is it?"

Eric covered the phone. "Eadie, stop that."

"Mr. Mott, are you talking to me?"

"No. I'm talking to my dog. She is licking my ear and it is hideously amusing. Now what in heaven's name were you asking?"

"I just said that if you made Hydrogen Bombs . . . I mean, you couldn't tell me about it because the government. . ."

"Yes . . . . I remember now. No . . . it's no secret. As a matter of fact, I've shown it to a number of people."

"You have?" amazed.

"Of course . . . It's really very simple. Do you want me to explain it?"

The voice paused, sounded distant. "Do I?"

A male voice sounded over the phone. "Well . . ."

"Who was that?" Eric asked, "*Your* dog?"

"Ha ha," she laughed.

"Ha ha. Goodbye."

"No! NOT YET!" she said.

Eadie was tickling him with her toes now. It was maddening.

"Tell me what you can about making the Hydrogen Bomb. Only you don't have to give away secrets," the voice coaxed.

"Well . . . I really don't make a Hydrogen Bomb. I just said that."

"Oh no!" suddenly shaken.

"Yes . . . but I call it a Hydrogen Bomb."

"Mr. Mott, if it is something illegal, I wouldn't want you to. . . ."

"Illegal?"

"Yes . . . you see, I'm very serious about your occupation and you told me that you were a scientist and if that isn't true, I've lost a point and. . ."

"What is this, a game?"

"Ha ha . . . No, but it *is* awfully important."

"Eadie, get down!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Mott?"

"I was talking to my dog. She's climbing all over me."

"Oh. . . . You were saying about the bomb or something. . . ."

"Yes, but I doubt if you would be interested," Eric said wearily.

"Oh, I am . . . I really am. I mean, I'd like to know all you can tell. Oh . . . this is horrible."

"Then woman, hang up. I'm not exactly in ecstasy myself."

"No. . . . I meant I don't know what to say. The way it is."

"How is it?" Eric laughed. He thought that amusing. Then, "Eadie, you are biting me. Stop."

"Mr. Mott . . . Mr. Mott. . . ."

"Yes, Miss Thomas."

"Just tell me what you can."

"Really, I just don't think you'd be interested."

"Believe me, I am desperately interested."

"Well . . . you see, the Hydrogen Bomb is an idea. You understand. It all began with an idea."

"Do you use uranium?" the girl asked.

"No. Egad no! How to say it."

"Please . . . don't worry about how to say it . . . just say it!"

"Well. . . ." Eric thought. "It started some time ago. I discovered it. And I'm a part of it. You understand."

"A what, Mr. Mott?"

"A part of it. I said that. Can't you hear me out there?"

"Yes . . . but I don't understand." Then away from the phone, "How much time is left?"

"Eadie, stop biting me. I can't stand it."

"Darling, hang up," Eadie said into Eric's free ear, exhibiting a well curved leg.

"I must go, Miss Thomas," Eric said.

"Can't you tell me anything at all about how you make this bomb, as you call it. It's terribly important. You just don't know how important."

"You really want to know. What would you care about . . ."

"I beg you," the voice now trembling with anxiety, "Please tell me."

"You are insisting?"

"Anything. Just tell me. Just so it isn't illegal. It isn't. You wouldn't tell me something illegal, would you?"

"No. Miss. . . . I would not and it is not. Someday the Hydrogen Bomb will probably be of great importance to you."

"Oh, it is now. Tell me about it."

"I'd rather not, but . . ."

"I insist and I haven't much time . . . how do you make it?"

"Very well. I don't make it."

"I'm going to be sick," the voice wailed.

"Put your head . . ."

"I don't have time to do that, Mr. Mott . . ."

"Yes . . . you want to know," Eric said.

"Hurry. Time is running out. Hurry!"

"Very well. The Hydrogen Bomb . . ."

"Yes. Yes?"

And then Eric told the girl precisely what the Hydrogen Bomb was. . . .

Eric heard a gasp and the phone went dead very suddenly.

"Miss Thomas . . . hello. . . ."

Eric heard the voice of the operator. "Sir, you've been disconnected."

"I see . . . well, it doesn't matter. It was only an idiot."

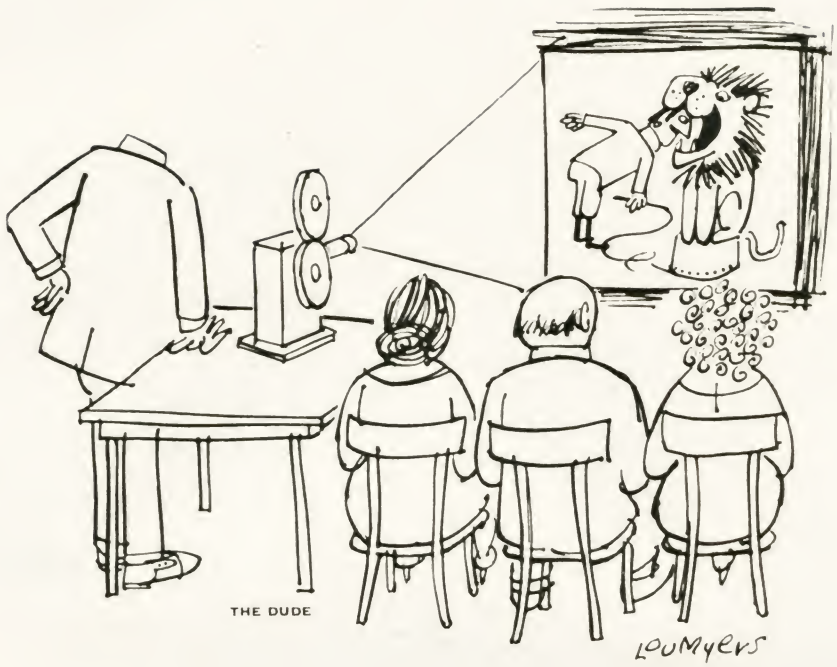
Eric turned to find Eadie resting in his arms. "Well, darling . . . have you finished that insane conversation?"

"Yep!"

"Can we go on . . . where we left off?"

"I'd be delighted," Eric said.

(turn over)



The phone rang again.

"I won't answer it," Eric said very firmly.

"I don't blame you. I have patients like that every day."

The telephone rang. It did not stop. It rang until Eric had a continuous sound in his ears. And Eadie so close and. . . .

"Eric," she said. "Answer it. I can't concentrate."

"If it's that woman, I'll make a complaint," Eric said.

He reached the telephone and lifted it.

"Hello," he said.

The voice he heard was one of a man suffering intense shock. The voice belonged to Mr. Walsh, Eric's broker. He sounded as though he was prostrate. "Eric, you idiot!" he gasped.

"Did you call to tell me that?" Eric asked. "Has everyone in the world gone stark raving mad?"

"No," Mr. Walsh said shakily, "but they may. Do you know that young woman you just talked to on the telephone . . ."

"I have never heard of her before in my . . . how did *you* know I was talking to a young woman?" Eric asked.

"Eric," Mr. Walsh said almost in tears, "I know it. All of the members of our corporation know it. All of our investors know it. The President knows it. The whole country knows it."

"I thought I had a private line," Eric said staring at the telephone as though it had caused this misdeed.

"Eric, that woman was calling from *Everyone Is Crazy*, the TV show, and your voice went out to millions and millions . . . oh . . . oh. . . ."

"Did I say something wrong?" Eric thought back, laughed, thought some more and began to giggle uncontrollably. "Walsh," he said, "did that last part come out?"

"Loud," Mr. Walsh mourned, "and clear."

"Well," Eric grinned, "I'm glad you told me. I'm almost a celebrity by now."

"Get out of the country," Mr. Walsh said. "Go to Africa for a few months. This publicity could cost you a million dollars. I'll book your passage. Leave the phone off the hook so you won't get any more calls. I have an idea America will be trying to reach you."

Eric hung up the phone, then raised the receiver so that it would not ring.

"Where were we?" he asked Eadie, and when everything was going well, Eric found himself laughing softly.

"What is so amusing?" Eadie asked.

"Nothing," Eric said. "I was just wondering how one shoots a lion in South Africa."

Eadie thought for a long, long time then said, "It's simple, just aim the gun and go *boom!*"

∞

THE SLEEPER AWAKENED

(*continued from page 44*)

"Nasty? What's nasty about it?"

"Well, vulgar then."

"Aw, dry up," Alice had said; and there had been no more talk about it after that. . . .

Because of Mr. Menzies' late hours, Mildred had taken to staying up nights in the hope of tiring herself out. It was no use. The moment she lay her head on the pillow her real wakefulness began. Infuriating though they were, she longed for those small sounds of the lock and the front door, the step in the hall, the creak of the wardrobe, the running water in the bathroom—these at least meant that he would soon be in his bed and then she herself could sleep. What was he doing all this time, for goodness sake? How and with whom did he spend his evenings? Why on earth didn't he stay home nights where he belonged, like anybody decent? As the months passed, her nightly irritation had grown to such a pitch that one evening, helping Alice dry the dishes after supper—and dreading the hours after Alice and Sam had gone to bed and she would have to wait, sleepless, for Mr. Menzies—she had said:

"I'm sorry, Al, but I've got to speak to you about something." She picked up a tumbler and stuffed the dishtowel inside, turning it round and round till it squeaked, while Alice waited. "Now I know perfectly well it's none of my business what he does with himself," she went on uncertainly, "but I might as well say it, it's getting me down."

Alice said: "What, who does?"

"Mr. Menzies. I almost think he ought to be spoken to or something."

Her hands still in the dishpan, Alice gave her sister a look. "What's Mr. Menzies got to do with you? I don't get it."

Mildred tried to explain, then; but the further she went into it, the more she realized that she hadn't a leg to stand on. Mr. Menzies was free to come and go as he pleased; and what he did with his evenings, and what hour he chose to come home and go to bed, was nobody's business but his own.

But a week later, against her better judgment, she spoke to her sister again. Alice said, "Oh, quit being such a boob. Take a sleeping pill, why don't you?"

"What a thing to say! Why would I take a sleeping pill?"

"Same reason anybody else would, to sleep. If you can't sleep, you can't sleep. That's what they're for."

"I've never taken one of those things in my life and I don't intend to begin now. Besides," Mildred added, "I wouldn't have the least idea how to go about getting one."

"Ask Dr. Polansky, that's all you got to do. Just ask him. They aren't arsenic."

"I wouldn't dream of it. What would he think?"

"He'd think you couldn't sleep, what else? But if you're going to be so silly about it, I'll ask him for you."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. You keep out of this, Al."

"While we're on the subject," Alice said, "I've noticed—and even Sam's spoken of it—that you look like the devil lately. You're practically skin and bones. And look at those circles—a young girl, too. I'm going to speak to Polansky."

"I warn you, I won't take any of those pills. Goodness, would I be any good for work next morning if I took drugs?"

"Baloney. You want to get some sleep, don't you?"

"I'll sleep in time, I suppose, if I get tired enough. This can't go on forever."

"Okay," Alice said, "it's your funeral." And there the matter had rested for the time being. . . .

Tonight, after half an hour of lying there tense and strained, Mildred played with the idea of getting up again, getting her book from the living room, and reading a while longer. But she rejected this; the getting out of bed and moving about would only wake her up even more. And as she had said to Alice, if you're tired enough you'll sleep. She turned over and settled herself comfortably with her cheek on the pillow, the light blanket wrapped tight around her shoulder, to her ear. She heard some freight cars being shunted back and forth in the yards, bumping and rattling over the switches; she heard an occasional sharp cry or heard an automobile backfire in a series of loud reports. But these sounds belonged to the night and the life of the town. What angered her almost beyond endurance was that she had no idea how long she would have to wait before she heard the familiar small noises beyond the wall as Mr. Menzies returned and went to bed—why, it might be hours. What could he possibly be doing? Was he playing poker somewhere? Was he hoisting a few with the gang at the Hollywood Bar & Grill, or dating one of those awful women on Canal Street? She couldn't care less. She only longed for him to be home and in bed so that the uncertain waiting would be over at last and she could sleep. Finally—and she didn't know whether it was eleven-thirty or twelve or one—she heard him come in.

It was amazing that anyone, especially a big heavy man, could open and close and lock the front door and come along the hall past her room so quietly, all but soundlessly. She lay there listening in a frenzy of alertness, with rising irritation because of his extreme care and thoughtfulness. Somehow it seemed to her that she could have borne the intrusion more easily if he had slam-banged about, like the freight cars in the yards below. He went into his room and she heard him take off his shoes; by giving the keenest ear, she could even hear him slide them along the linoleum under the bed. Then there were all the usual maddening, discreet noises: the dresser drawers, the creak of the wardrobe, the window, the padding about, and a sound that could only have been the faint metallic jingle of his buckle as he removed the belt from the pants he'd been wear-

(*turn to page 61*)

THE DUDE

"Can you wiggle your ears at the same time?"

"I'll marry you, Charles, but I refuse to give up my one night out with the boys."

ing and hung it over the back of a chair for use in the morning. She knew that's what it was because night after night she had listened so hard, so many times, that each smallest sound caused her to imagine or picture, with the utmost reality—almost as if she had been present in the room herself—what was going on beyond the wall that separated his bed from hers. Times without number, it seemed, she had heard that faint clink, and had lain stark awake wondering what it was. When she had hit upon the idea that it was his belt buckle, she had felt then, in spite of her annoyance, a sense of relief and even triumph. Then came the moment that she hated, most of all: he stepped into the bathroom that was so close to the head of her bed that it seemed that if she tapped softly on the wall or spoke his name in a low voice, he would have answered.

. . . But would he have heard her, really, above the sounds of the running water that accompanied his quarter-hour in the bathroom as the rattling freights and the gasp of the Diesel trucks accompanied and were a part of the night? The metal door of the medicine cabinet groaned open, the toothbrush glass was set down quietly on the edge of the porcelain bowl, the teeth were vigorously brushed; but it was also obvious, to her experienced ear, that he was at the same time keeping his mouth closed around the brush so that she would not hear the noise. This done, she listened then in apprehension that was like a crucial suspense strung out to the breaking point, for the most outrageous sound of all.

But, as on every night before, it mysteriously did not happen. How was it possible, she asked herself in overpowering anger, to use the bathroom and at the same time not use the bathroom—especially after being out all evening, probably drinking besides? It wasn't possible! And then suddenly the astounding reason came over her, like a shock of illuminating lightning, as if the wall had magically been obliterated and she saw, in a blinding white glare of light, what went on there. Without thought, without being prepared for it in the slightest, instantly she had the certainty—though, offended to her depths, she refused to picture the scene in her mind—that Mr. Menzies, out of a misguided and even indecent consideration for the sleeping household, did not use the toilet at all, which he would have had to flush and thus create a noise; he urinated in the washbowl instead, washing away the stain of it by letting the taps run gently for a second or two after.

This was the limit. This was positively the end. She was furious with herself because the suspicion had never occurred to her before. But now that it had, outrage burned in her like a fever. This was something she would certainly have to report to her sister; she would not stand for it another night. That nice, clean Mr. Menzies who was always so particular as to take a shower before supper, after the day's work—what a filthy, lowdown trick! What beasts men were—dirty pigs. . . .

He was back in his room. She heard the slight crunch of the bed as he got into it and then the click of the switch as he turned off his light at last. A through-train pounded by outside; a barge or tug mourned dismally on the canal, and kept on mourning, groaningly, like some prehistoric animal turning over in its sleep; and in a few minutes Mildred was asleep herself.

The next night, drying dishes for Alice, she heard herself saying without preliminary: "Now mind, Al, I don't want to interfere with the way you run your house or anything like that. But goodness, I do wish something could be done about Mr. Menzies staying out so late."

Without looking at her, Alice answered at once, as if prepared: "Something can and will be done. I'll get Sam to tell him he's got to leave."

"Oh, no!" Mildred said. "That's not what I want at all."

"I don't care, it's what you're going to get. If you can't sleep, Mr. Menzies will have to go."

"But I'm telling you, I don't want to interfere in any way! You want to rent that room—you need the money."

"We can get somebody else who'll keep better hours. Some girl, or maybe an old man."

"But really, it isn't Mr. Menzies' fault! It's mine—not his at all. If you spoke about it, goodness, what would he think?"

"If you aren't the darndest," Alice said in exasperation. "Here I try to do something for you—remove the obstacle, like—and all you do is stand in my way. I must say I don't get it."

"I only mean I don't want Mr. Menzies brought into this."

"Oh, yeah? Well let me tell you one thing. While you're here in our house, you're my responsibility. Mr. Menzies isn't. I promised Mom I'd take care of you."

Mildred wasn't listening. Impulsively she said something she hadn't intended to mention: "The most terrible thing—just awful . . ."

Alice looked at her. "What's happened now?"

"Do you know what I heard him do last night, really and truly? I don't know how I can even speak of it, not even to my own sister."

"What did he do?" Alice said with a laugh. "Bring in some woman?"

"Alice! You're disgusting."

"Oh, shut up. What was it?"

"Well, it's awfully difficult to explain, but I actually heard him—in the sink . . . He didn't, well, use the toilet."

"Oh, cut it out, Milly. How could you possibly know any such thing, unless you were in there yourself?"

"I just know, that's all. As sure as sure."

"If it's true, which I doubt," Alice said, "you can be darned certain that Mr. Menzies isn't the first man to do it. Nor the last. But he'll have to clear out and we'll get somebody else. Oh, not because of the washbowl—don't think that for a minute. Only because he keeps you awake. I'll give him a week's notice."

"I—I wish," Mildred faltered, "I wish I'd never opened my mouth. I could bite my tongue off."

"I don't see why. You have rights like anybody else."

"So has Mr. Menzies . . ."

"Forget it. And get this through your head. From now on this is my business, not yours, understand?"

Mildred burst into tears; Alice tried to reassure her by saying that she was tired through and through, worn to a frazzle; and so it came about that Sam put an ad in the Classified and Mr. Menzies was given notice. Three days after he left, a working girl moved into the room. But even before that, on the very evening when Mr. Menzies left for good—when he didn't come back at all to the bed on the other side of the wall—Mildred settled down for a night of utter sleeplessness; and well before midnight, she began to know that this was only the beginning.

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE WIESNER

From the Memoirs of
Filbert
An Over-Weight Guinea Pig

CRUCIAL TEST

August the 7, 1957: "Dear Diary,

A terrible, terrible day. Hours on a table with nothing but food. And so I nibbled and I nibbled but my stomach wasn't in it. I mean I know I'm getting terribly overweight and all, but it wasn't only that. I mean I try to find out just what the experiment is and do my best. But this time it was only this table and food and it didn't figure. I mean I know they use me in the laboratory because I come nearest to having the reactions of an ordinary human male. And, well, I just hope they know what they're doing. I mean I thought it was obvious by this time that human males eat from tables! But if that's all they do . . . well . . . I mean . . .

And I think I'm getting neurotic, too, because I kept hearing this rustling behind me. But when I turned around I didn't see anything. Was it my imagination? Or am I getting nearsighted? Or sick? I did *feel a little feverish. And then that look of disappointment in their eyes when they checked my pulse and paws and all. 'No reaction,' they said. Horrible! I shuddered.*

If I could only get a transfer to the psycho ward before I go completely nuts or die of

(*turn to page* 64)

over-eating. My brother Dilbert is in it and he has more fun than anything! He gets all this exercise, jumping through squares and triangles. Oh well. They're feeding me again. And I am *hungry. Of course I know its only compensation. But what can I do?"*
Editor's Note: Dr. Harlon Johnson, Staff Psychologist at Lacklustre Laboratories is quoted as saying: "There are certain elicited responses beyond the innate capacity of a laboratory animal. I therefore recommend the use of humans in certain of these experiments."

Dr. Johnson—we knew this all along—and we don't qualify as scientists!

NO SENTIMENT

(*continued from page* 14)

"They've got him."

"Good! That makes it perfect!" she said.

"But dear. . . ." For the first time, Art identified his uneasiness. "That fellow took an awful risk. Maybe got himself caught because of driving me to the hospital instead of ditching me right away."

Janet saw his point. But she couldn't feel for the man. "After all, he threatened you with a gun! He could have killed you! And he's a confirmed thief. No matter if he did let you talk him into doing something half-decent. They'd catch him sooner or later; if not for this, then for something else."

"I don't want to press any charges," Art said. "I'd feel like a skunk."

"But dear, it isn't up to you," she said. "It's the law."

At the station they told him the same thing. The thief was led in; his name was Harry Calvert, alias Callahan, alias Valentine. He was sullenly self-contained, but there was nothing accusatory in his manner. Art realized that if he failed to make the identification, Calvert himself would simply consider him daffy.

"Hello doc," Calvert said.

"I'm sorry they caught you. How did it happen?" Art asked.

Calvert shrugged. "I slipped up."

"It wasn't my fault, was it? I mean driving me?"

"Naw." His denial was a shade too emphatic. And Art realized how, in anyone's mind, there must be a recognition of the links of time. Once a time-sequence was in motion, each incident was a cause. Twenty minutes difference, and Calvert wouldn't have been where he was, or the police wouldn't have been where they were, at the moment when they had come together. If Calvert had not driven that extra few miles, he might not have had to stop for gas just where he did, and as Art learned later from the police, they might not have had the clue to the road he had taken.

Art wondered at his own concern. After all the fellow was a plain holdup man, tough and unregenerate. Perhaps it was because he had made a kind of deal not to turn him in, for the ride, and he didn't want to feel he had broken his compact.

The police listened, smilingly, to Art's plea for clemency. "Well, whataya know. So Harry did a good deed."

"Yah," Harry said as they took him back to the lockup. "Just a boy scout."

Next day, at the child's bedside, Art met her father. The little girl could be said to be out of danger now. And McInerney, a large, florid man, the typical contractor-politician, was simply melting with gratitude. "Doctor, I've got something here for you," he said. "A little token of appreciation. Since you lost that watch." He brought out a beauty, a gold watch that must have cost at least a hundred and fifty dollars, Art guessed. On the back was inscribed: A Token of Appreciation. From a Grateful Father.

Though Art's own watch had been found, there was of course no question of refusing the gift. "Really, I don't deserve anything like this, Mr. McInerney," Art said, "Any doctor would have done the same. But you know . . . I think any holdup man wouldn't. He told the story of the thief, and asked McInerney to intercede. With his political pull, he could perhaps get the fellow off.

McInerney nodded, seriously. "But look, doctor. There's one side of it maybe you don't see. You are a doctor engaged in deeds for humanity. But this fellow is a robber, a thief. Even the couple of minutes he held you up might have meant my little girl's life. A man like that is just a monkey-wrench in society."

"But he didn't have to drive me to the hospital," Art repeated. "In his way, he risked himself, to save her life."

"I can ask them, maybe, to go easy on the sentence," McInerney conceded. "Just out of respect for your wishes, doctor. Ordinarily, he's due for ten years."

The trial was perfunctory. The newspapers had forgotten the little case. Art had to sit through three hours of crime hearings before Calvert was called up.

Art, as chief witness, made a plea for clemency. Harry Calvert got three to five years.

His face was altogether expressionless, while he was being sentenced. Art caught Calvert's eye, but could read nothing there.

As Harry Calvert was being led off, Art managed to slip alongside the thief. "Here, I guess this really belongs to you," Art said, putting the gift watch into Calvert's free hand.

The holdup man read the inscription, half-aloud. "From A Grateful Father." Just before the door closed on him, he turned his head. "Okay, doc. That's a valuable piece of merchandise," he said, and Art knew the remark was made to cover up the glint in Harry Calvert's eyes, a peculiar glint, that might have had in it something of human pride. "Worth at least a hundred and fifty bucks," Harry said. "No sentiment in my profession."

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THE DUDE

"How are you two making out?"

DUDE'S SAFETY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID SUTTON/PRANGE

C O U N C I L

insists . . . the only way to cut down traffic accidents in the U.S. and A. is to get rid of those ugly, hard-to-see signs . . . and replace them with the only objects d'art *that will ever take the place of brakes . . .*

MOST OF AUDREY

(*continued from page 8*)

Herkimer were seen together continually. That is, continually up until July when Audrey told Harry that OKO Pictures was after her again and would he mind if she went out to Hollywood and made a picture because, after all, it would be exciting, her first picture and all. Harry said by all means she should take advantage and go. She promised to be back in three months, no later.

It may seem strange, but Audrey wasn't out of town more than two weeks when Harry began seeing his old sweetie, Bernice Chapman. He was careful to meet her in small, not-too-popular foreign restaurants and always sat near the back. He'd be a dead duck if Miss Gopper got her hands on this item.

Now, Harry didn't consider himself a rat for all this. And he really didn't think Audrey would mind if she knew. He didn't plan to tell her, but he didn't think she'd mind. The last few months before Audrey left he had realized that they were just real good friends. In the beginning he was sure he loved Audrey, but the more he got to know her the more he realized that she was, underneath that monumental 40-22-36, just another nice kid from Ohio. As for Audrey, she loved everybody. Not physically, like with him, but she had a real heartful for anyone. If she ever married anybody, it would be just for funsies. But Harry was sure they would always be plenty good friends.

As with all advertising ideas, no matter how great, the Audrey Plainsfield brassiere ads got tired. Even the men's room gags about them were stale. The public was through whooping it up and Holdemform's sales chart began the sickening downturn.

One Monday morning, the president of Holdenform Bra called Harry's boss and told him, in no uncertain terms, that unless they got some new punch in the ads he'd be compelled to consider withdrawing the account.

The problem got quickly to Harry's lap again and he, summoning up all his stature as a vice-president, called a creative huddle with the art director and the copy writer, who by this time were also vice-presidents. After two hours everyone came away with nothing but doodles of Audrey Plainsfield on their note pads. Harry didn't sleep at all that night.

The next morning the copy writer was waiting for him in his office. "You know, Harry, I think you've got a real tough problem here."

"Agreed," said Harry, tersely.

"I talked to my wife about it last night and, I don't know, but she might have the answer. See how this bounces off your skull. She said that the best thing anyone could say about a bra is that it makes you feel like you've got nothing on at all."

Harry stared at the copy writer through his tired eyes and said quietly, "My friend, sit down."

In the next few weeks, the agency ground out several thousands of dollars worth of layouts and copy for what was to be not only the best Holdemform campaign ever but one of the greatest in the entire industry. Every layout contained a luscious sketch indicating a photo of Audrey Plainsfield nude and emphasizing the 40 part of the 40-22-36. Every piece of copy carried the headline, "Like wearing nothing at all."

On Harry's next regular Thursday night call to Audrey in Hollywood he told her that his agency had a new idea for next year's series of Holdemform ads, featuring her again. And he was sure he could get the full fee for her this time, wouldn't that be nice? Harry Herkimer, knowing full well the fluidity of rumor in the advertising fraternity, did not tell Audrey what the great idea was for fear she would blurt it out at some party, maybe while doing one of her post-Martini dance bits. If the competition got wind of it, there would still be time for them to scoop Holdemform's campaign. Audrey's reaction was, "Fine, Harry, fine." She said the leading man in her picture had skipped out and gotten married and shooting had been held up ten days already, but he and his tired bride were returning from Mexico tomorrow and she expected to be finished and back in New York in November.

The tension of a normal presentation of a new campaign to a client is tough enough, but the day of showing the Holdemform program to the president, Harry's nerves were taut like the head on a bongo drum. As he talked fast like a typewriter and held up the cellophaned visuals for the president to see, he had that scraped stomach feeling of a man who was talking for his very life. When he had finished, he didn't even have time to ask the question.

"Harry, my boy, I don't know how you do it, but you sure pulled this one out of the bag!" he boomed. "It is simply terrific! What a girl! Audrey Plainsfield, the Holdemform girl!" he was ranting and Harry wasn't listening at this point.

Harry was enjoying the feeling of the juices inside him starting to flow like normal again.

"Harry, how soon can we get these ads running?"

The enthusiasm cooled considerably when Harry answered that the model would be tied up in Hollywood until November which meant that the February issues would be the earliest, allowing for production and closing dates. However, the client ogled the divested Audrey on the layouts once again and said, "O.K., Harry, but no later than February."

November came and because the leading man had returned as expected and the shooting had gone well, Audrey called Harry one night to say she would be home that week-end.

"Harry, I just can't wait to see you again and give you a big smooch."

"That sounds good, Audrey. It's been a long time."

"Harry, do long distance operators listen in on these calls? I mean, do they?"

"I don't know. Why? I don't think they would. Why?"

"O.K., then. I can say it."

"Say what, Audrey?"

"Harry my plane gets there at 5:20 Saturday afternoon. What do you say we spend the night at my place like old times with drinks, dinner and everything? I hope she isn't listening."

"That sounds just great, Audrey. Don't worry about the operator. You didn't say anything that sounded bad. I can't wait to talk to you about the ads. We can get started with the photography early next week. Audrey, I don't know why I'm so lucky. The client was wild about the idea of using photos of you in the nude. This could mean. . ."

"IN THE WHAT?" Audrey was screaming out in Hollywood.

"Nude, honey. Is that bad? Don't worry about it, honey. I know this will be the first time, but after all the cheese cake you've done . . . I don't get it. You will do it, won't you?"

"I can't. I absolutely can't. If I did it for anybody, it would be for you, Harry, but I can't."

"WHAT?" Now Harry was screaming in New York.

"I CAN'T POSE LIKE THAT. I'M SORRY HARRY."

Audrey hung up.

Harry was numb. He sat there in his apartment, trying to shake some feeling back into his head, for many, many minutes. He walked over to the window and spent many more staring at the neon on the front of the Chinese restaurant across the street. She couldn't mean it. Audrey's a nice kid from Ohio and all that, but she's been around the block. That 40-22-36 of hers has been photographed from every angle. Maybe never completely exposed, but how close can you get? She's just acting like a dame. She'll come around. Does she realize she's saying no to my job? No, to my whole future in the advertising business. Why, the agency would have the can tied to me in two seconds flat if they found we couldn't get Audrey for Holdemform.

When Harry met Audrey at the plane Saturday night he had made up his mind not to trouble her with business until later at the apartment. She was apparently operating on the same plan because all through cocktails and dinner they just talked happy talk. Audrey was excited about her first movie and was thinking seriously about acting: she wanted to join one of those actors' schools in New York where they teach you how to mumble realistically.

Later, they were snuggling on the couch, like old times. Harry was angling for a way to bring the situation up without dropping a bomb, when Audrey whispered, "Harry, I hope you're not too sore about the modeling. I just can't do it."

Harry fought to be calm. "I don't understand it, honey. I just don't understand. Do you realize what this whole thing means to Harry Herkimer? It means the bread in my mouth, that's all. Let me explain. I should have explained a long time ago. If you don't . . ."

"I don't care what you're going to say, Harry. I can't do it, that's all. I'd be ruined. We'd both be ruined."

"Ruined? You? Why this thing could be nothing but good for you, can't you see that? Me . . . I'll be ruined if you *don't*. I'll be sitting out in the street. It's that serious, honey." Harry's voice trembled.

"Harry, let's go into the bedroom."

"Now?" Harry was confused.

"We have to. It's the only way I can straighten things out."

"Now, honey, don't feel that way. It would be swell, but what's it going to straighten out?"

"Harry, I'm not talking anymore Come on in the bedroom."

Harry still didn't think it was right, but Audrey was determined.

In the bedroom, Audrey seemed very nervous, but still determined. Harry didn't get it, but she told him to sit on the bed while she undressed. "This just doesn't seem right, honey," he said weakly. "Not right now."

Audrey already had her shoes, dress and slip off and was rolling down her stockings. Harry noted that this was the usual sequence. Then the garter belt and panties until she was standing there in just the brassiere. This, too, was per usual. Audrey had never removed her bra. Always said she felt more comfortable with it on. That was good enough for Harry. He never questioned things like that.

"Harry, I'm just sick about this, but it's the only way to tell you," she said, reaching back to unhook the bra.

As she dropped it away, a ringing began in Harry's ears. It became so loud his eyes went out of focus for a second. Then, as they came back and he realized what he was seeing, kettle drums rumbled and tympanni crashed at the back of his brain.

Miss Audrey Plainsfield from Ohio, 40-22-36, had, for all these years, been telling what was at least an eight inch lie.

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PAYOFF PLACE

(*continued from page* 47)

with her. She looked more blonde and more beautiful than ever. Every day she grew to look more and more like Lana Turner. And wasn't it strange, Myrtle thought, that George, who, as a Turkish-American was the only foreigner in Payoff Place, looked so much like Robert Taylor? What a coincidence. She made a mental note to put both of them in her novel.

As she walked down Elm Lane, the thoroughfare of Payoff Place, she reflected that the town had not changed much since she had last been here. The old men were still crouched in the warm sunlight in front of the court-house shooting craps. Mrs. Crewes, the town spinster, was still giving her pet panther his daily airing. And Reggie van Reggie, whose millionaire father owned three-quarters of Payoff Place, was still racing around in a convertible filled with naked waitresses from the local road house. Life here simply continued on the same even keel, day in and day out. Myrtle wondered whether it had been wise to come back. How could she possibly lead a life of passion around here?

"Myrtle! Is it really you?" Instantly, Myrtle was able to identify the voice. It was Herman Welch, whom she had held hands with all through grammar school. She turned to him, her heart pounding, thinking that an affair with him might teach her how to strengthen the love scenes in her novel.

"Herman, I'm so glad to see you." She held out a hand to him and he took it, blushing. He was a small dark boy, with a sensitive brooding face. "Why didn't you write to me while I was away?"

"Oh, what could I have told you that was so interesting?" Herman asked quietly. "You were the one who was leading the exciting life in Greenwich Village and all."

"But I did want to hear from you," Myrtle said earnestly. "Often in the cold ugly city I thought of the days we spent together walking over the green hills quoting Wadsworth and Gerard Manley Hopkins to each other. In fact, I'd like to do that right now with you, Herman. Go up into the hills and lie on a grassy ridge and have your arms around me and have you whisper Petrarchian sonnets in my ear."

"I can't," Herman said, his eyes blinking, his head hanging down. "My mother is expecting me at home."

"What does she want you for?"

"It's time for my sitz bath, Myrtle."

"Your *what?*"

"My sitz bath." Herman raised his head. There was a look of agony in his eyes. "I never told you this," he said hesitantly, painfully, "but ever since I was a child my mother has been giving me sitz baths. The fiend! I never thought anything of it, Myrtle—until it was too late."

"Too late?"

"Yes. You don't know what a daily sitz bath can do to a man. You develop a wild craving for it. You can't live without it!" Herman was trembling convulsively now. His face was white, his eyes wide. "The more you take the more you need. You become its slave, you'll do anything for it. Anything!" he shouted wildly, then clutched at Myrtle's arm. "Try to understand, will you? I'm hooked! I'm hooked! I'm taking ten sitz baths a day right now. Forgive me, Myrtle, forgive me!" And then, with a horrible cry, he twisted away and staggered off.

Deeply grieved, Myrtle wandered down Elm Lane, past the awning-shaded shops and the small office buildings and the old men shooting craps in front of the court-house. She did not feel the Indian summer sun that blazed on this hot October afternoon. She was thinking of Her-

(*turn to page* 72)

"'Conspicuous Consumption'? Nonsense . . . we're not even keeping up with the Joneses! ! !

"There's not a single copy of THE DUDE in the house! Now take back some of these fripperies and buy me something useful for a change!

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man and his habit and how she had lost him to his mother. How would she ever be able to re-write her novel now?

But then the thought came to her that Herman Welch looked so much like Montgomery Clift. Her whole mood brightened: all was not lost. Herman would look fine in her novel.

She was at the far edge of town now. This was where hundreds of destitute people lived in crude, tar-papered, tumble-down shacks. Years ago the local politicians had decided that the shacks gave Payoff Place a quaint atmosphere and had wisely refused to allow any ordinary-looking houses to be built on this site. So life here too was unchanged. The men who had been unable to find work in the Van Reggie sawmills sat along the low banks of the open sewer that ran through here, bathing their feet in the slow-moving slimy stream, throwing rocks at their wives, and drinking Slivovitz. Behind them a handful of small half-clothed children lay sprawled on their backs, their cute swollen bellies glistening in the bright sunlight. Myrtle felt an exquisite pleasure. She loved it down here. The shack-people were so colorful and made such interesting material!

She decided to visit her girlhood chum, Gypsy Jones, who lived in one of the shacks and raised sheep for a living. Perhaps Gypsy, who was so wild that she had buried two husbands before she was fifteen, would introduce her to one of the hot-blooded fellows down here. An affair with one of the shack-boys would surely make a better writer out of her. Myrtle knocked on the door of Gypsy's shack. When there was no answer she went around back, thinking that Gypsy might be feeding her sheep.

Gypsy was in the sheep-pen, all right. She was bent backwards over an open vat of sheep-dip, caught in the passionate embrace of Myrtle's stepfather. Myrtle turned away in disgust. She was never going to be able to re-write her novel if George the Turk kept interfering!

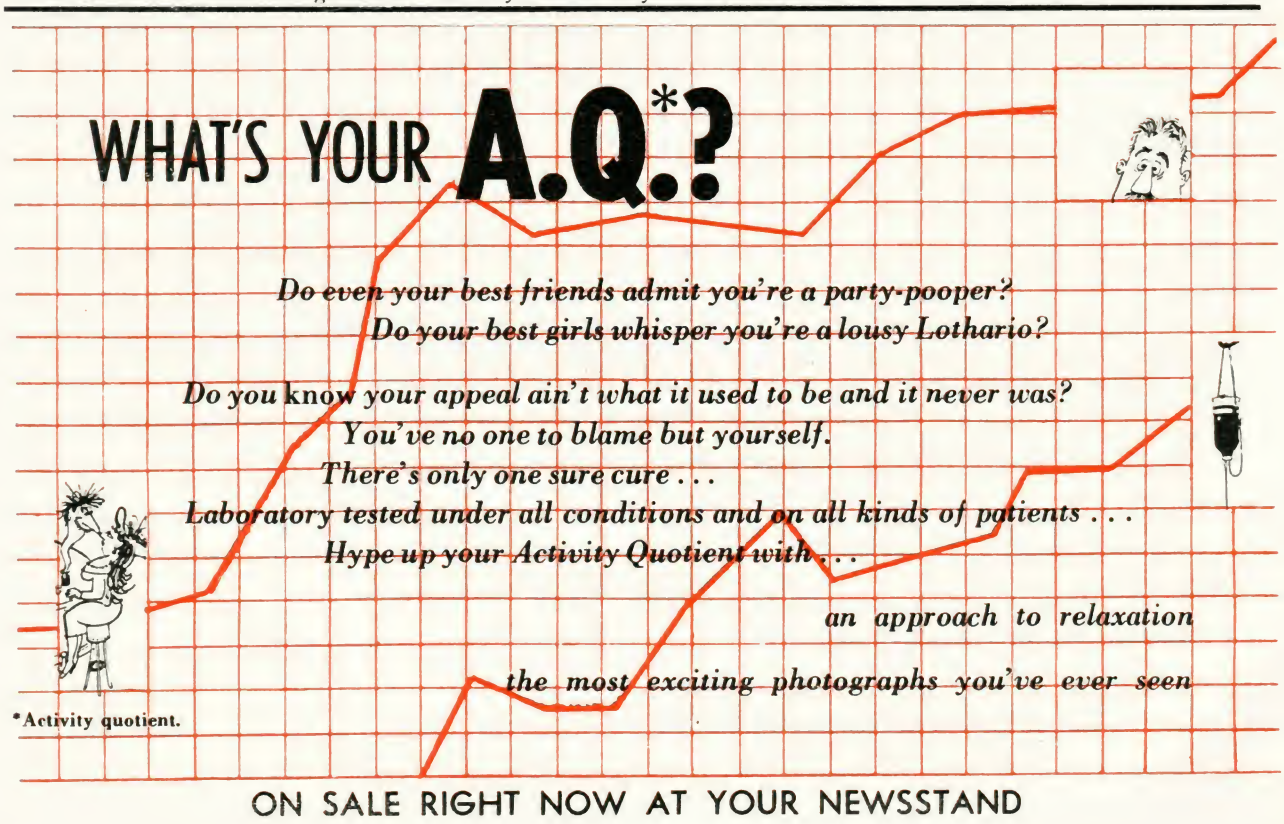
Feeling lonely and rejected, Myrtle walked to the outskirts of Payoff Place and went through the leafy woods that began here. She climbed a small hill that was yellow with goldenrod and made her way to her beloved secret place. As a girl she'd always come here when she was in this kind of a mood. She had sat here in this tiny clearing in the woods and practiced writing short-shorts for the *Saturday Evening Post* and spied on the boys when they swam naked in the swimming hole below. Sighing, Myrtle sat down and leaned against a wide-trunked maple tree and wondered what would become of her.

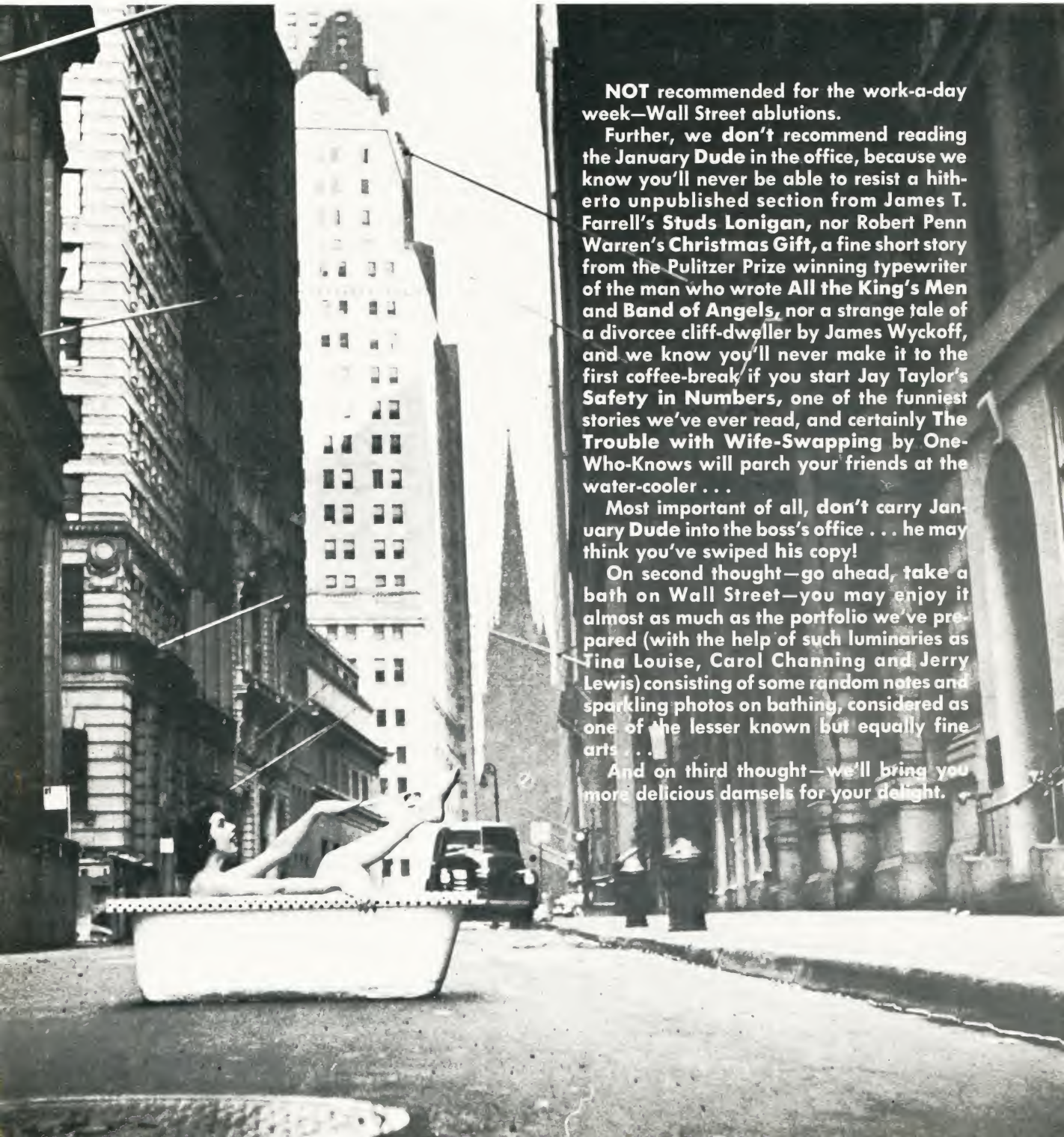
She saw herself five years from now, buried in this placid provincial town, still unable to re-write her novel which would be stuck away on some shelf, collecting dust instead of royalty checks. What a horrible thought! But how was she to lead the life of passion that Lannie had talked about? Who in that little town that lay glittering in the valley below would teach her of love and life?

Then, as a sharp breeze blew across her secret place, she had her answer. The breeze told her that her lover was coming. She lay back now, waiting, gazing up at the deep-blue sky of Indian summer. A shadow fell over her and she closed her eyes as she felt herself being embraced. She wanted to shriek with joy. This was what she had come back to Payoff Place for! Now she would have her fifth and sixth editions and reprint rights and foreign translations and a Hollywood feature film! Oh, how she loved Payoff Place now!

She swooned in George the Turk's arms, delirious with the aphrodisiac scent of sheep-dip.

∞





NOT recommended for the work-a-day week—Wall Street ablutions.

Further, we **don't** recommend reading the January **Dude** in the office, because we know you'll never be able to resist a hitherto unpublished section from James T. Farrell's **Studs Lonigan,** nor Robert Penn Warren's **Christmas Gift,** a fine short story from the Pulitzer Prize winning typewriter of the man who wrote **All the King's Men** and **Band of Angels,** nor a strange tale of a divorcee cliff-dweller by James Wyckoff, and we know you'll never make it to the first coffee-break if you start Jay Taylor's **Safety in Numbers,** one of the funniest stories we've ever read, and certainly **The Trouble with Wife-Swapping** by One-Who-Knows will parch your friends at the water-cooler . . .

Most important of all, **don't** carry January **Dude** into the boss's office . . . he may think you've swiped **his** copy!

On second thought—go ahead, take a bath on Wall Street—you may enjoy it almost as much as the portfolio we've prepared (with the help of such luminaries as Tina Louise, Carol Channing and Jerry Lewis) consisting of some random notes and sparkling photos on bathing, considered as one of the lesser known but equally fine arts . . .

And on third thought—we'll bring you more delicious damsels for your delight.

"Gee baby, it's cold outside . . ."

"But the fire is warm inside . . ."

"And darling, my sofa is wide . . ."

Clare's Giving a Party *and . . .*

we'll find out **How to Have an Office Affair** *and . . .*

we'll watch **Eric Mott having his TV Debut** *. . . and . . .*

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